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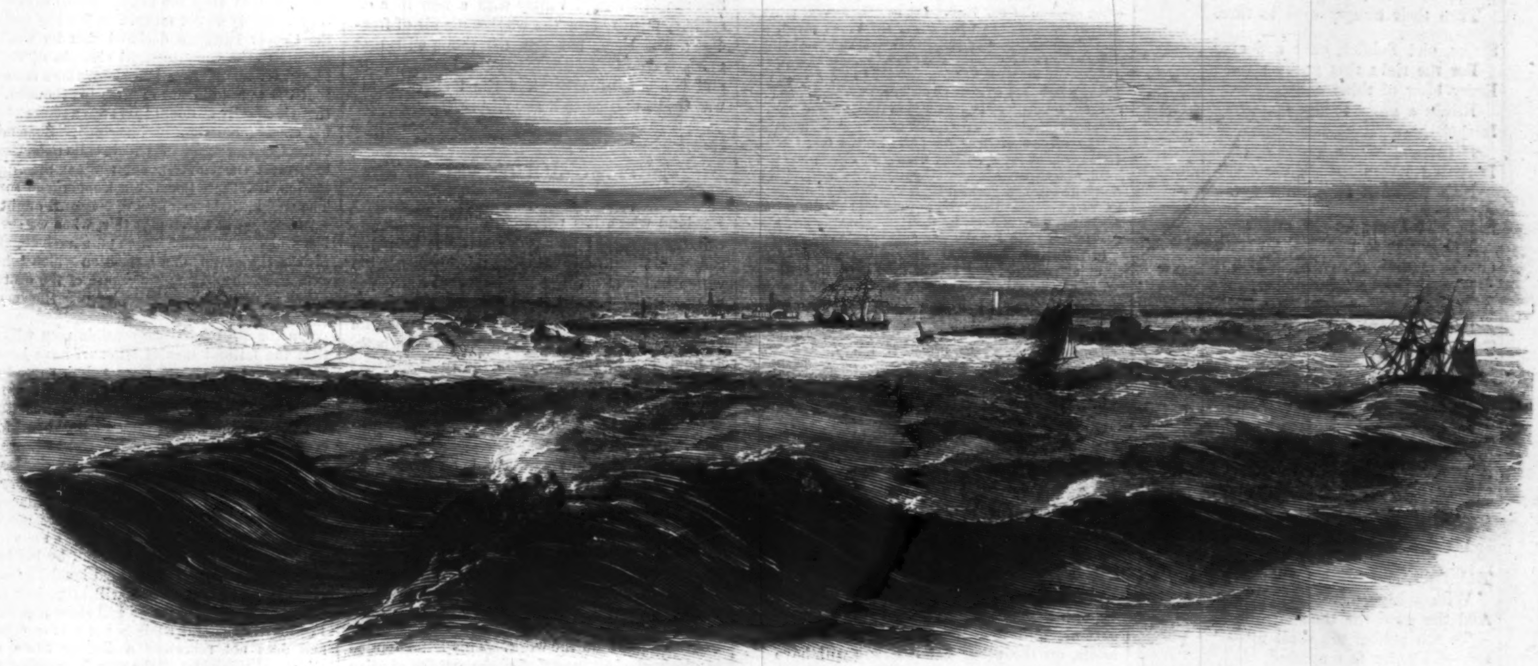
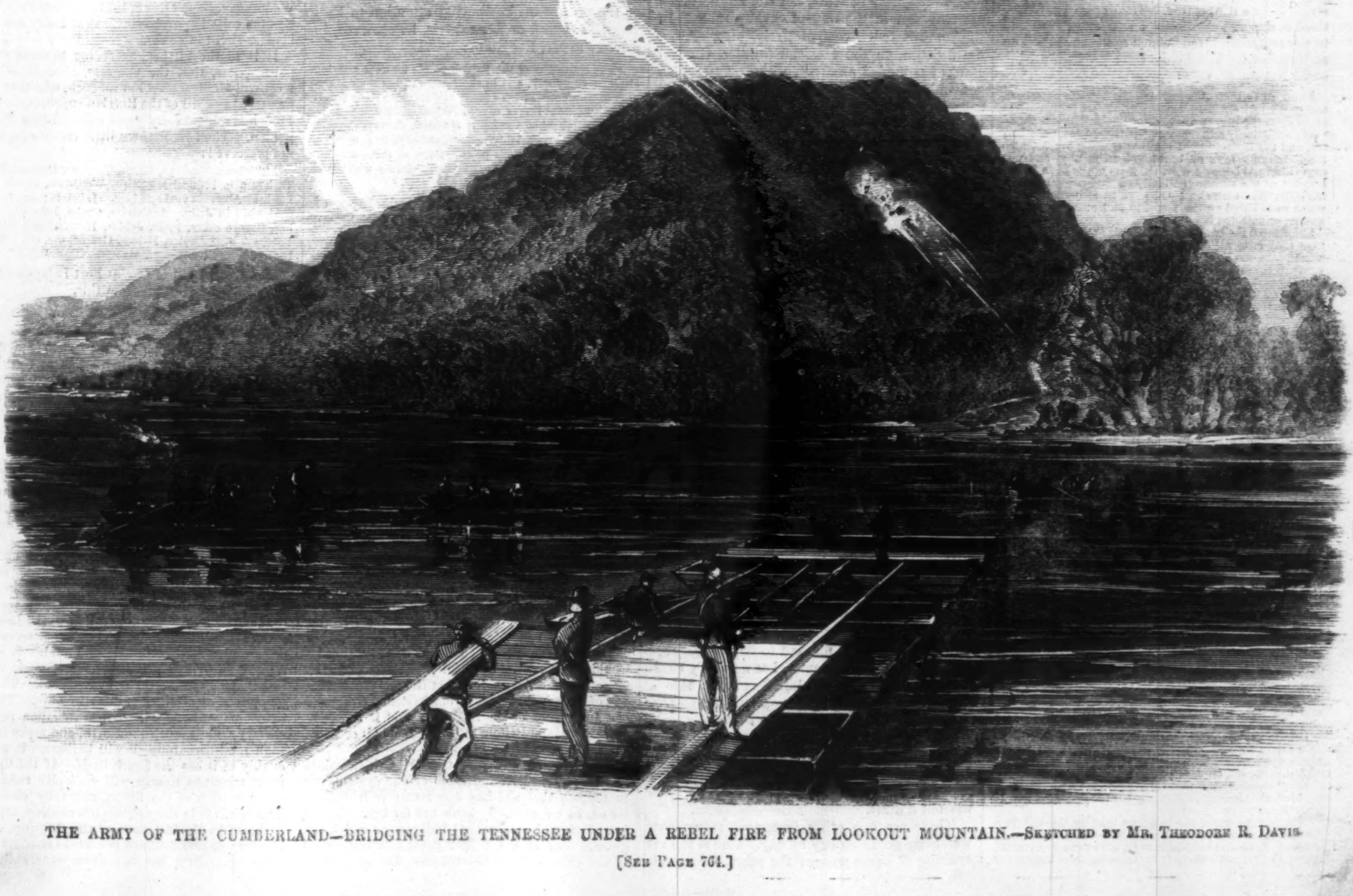


LANDING OF GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION ON BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, ON NOVEMBER 2, 1863.—SKETCHED BY A STAFF OFFICER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—BRIDGING THE TENNESSEE UNDER A REBEL FIRE FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 764.]

## TO MEN.

MEN, the time draws on to action—
Draws, with sternest-voiced demand;
Who would bear its strain and traction
Must be strong in heart and hand:
Who shall grapple double-handed
With it shall have manhood's name;
Who shall falter shall be branded
With unchanging mark of shame.

Toil, oh! Forgeman, damp and sooty,
At the shapes that, one by one,
Grow, wherewith the iron duty
Of the season shall be done:
Toil; the time is loud with clamor,
And it striketh palm with thee,
In the ringing of thy hammer,
For the good that is to be.

Speed, oh! Plowman; let not thistles
Prick out from the loaded wain:
On full many a field there bristles
Crop of steel instead of grain:
Speed; the soldier's orphan children,
Who in mercy shall not see
Where their father's grave is filled in,
Turn their hungry eyes to thee.

Strike, oh! Soldier, once and ever
For the right that grows apace;
Every blow of thine endeavor
Brings a glory to thy face:
It shall be a newer birth-right
If the death-bolts hurtle by;
It shall brighten though the earth-light
Fade before it from thine eye.

Sing, oh! Poet: be thy minor
Holy-sweet to match the wreath
Of the cypress, grown diviner
Now upon the brow of death:
And thy major's revelation—
Let it upward rise and roll
To the heights of aspiration
Of a nation's lifted soul.

Pray, oh! Christian: God is nearer
In the storm than in the sun;
And His will is growing clearer:
Pray His waiting will be done—
Done triumphant, as when Moses
Walked through night and death to see
Far in Sharon's vale the roses
Waiting ages for the free.

Toil, fight, sing, pray, men unshrinking,
With a high, heroic will;
And the good the time is thinking
To the perfect orb shall fill—
Orb of life for feet uplifted,
While calm brows are yet above
In new sunlight round them drifted
By the winds of broader love.

## THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.

WE publish on page 753 an illustration of the LANDING OF GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION ON BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, on 2d November, from a sketch by a staff officer. The expedition is destined to restore Texas to the Union, and put an end to the contraband trade which has been carried on at Matamoras. The *Herald* correspondent, writing on 2d November, says:

> At an early hour this morning the bar was examined, and casks laid down as buoys. Nine feet of water was found upon the bar, and once over, navigation was easy.
>
> We accordingly commenced preparing to enter the harbor, and the light-draught steamer *General Banks*, with the Nineteenth Iowa on board, got under way, and was soon rising and falling amidst the foam of the huge breakers; but as she steamed gallantly on and crossed the bar in safety, the soldiers on board gave three hearty cheers, which were heard on the flag-ship and answered by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs.
>
> She crossed the bar at precisely twelve o'clock noon, and from that moment Texas was ours. The General's dispatch-boat—the little steamer *Drew*—followed, and she went capering along like a frisky young coquette of sixteen, bounding over the bar like a cork.
>
> The *Clinton*, with the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Maine regiments on board, was the third to cross, and it was her good fortune to be the first to disembark her troops, the soldiers of the Fifteenth Maine first touching Texan soil. The next moment, the flag of this regiment, followed by that of the Nineteenth Iowa, was raised.
>
> Thus the men from the extreme northern point of the Union were the first to raise the flag of America over the soil of the extreme southern point, and finish the work so gloriously begun, of planting the banner of freedom in the last State in rebellion, over which the Stars and Stripes have not waved for some time.
>
> On landing on Brazos Island, the Fifteenth Maine, Colonel Dwyer, accompanied by Major Von Hermann, of General Banks's staff, started for Boca Chica, took possession of the Pass, and encamped there, throwing out pickets.
>
> No resistance whatever was offered, and no human beings have yet been seen on the island or elsewhere, if I except the repulse of two companies of cavalry by the guns of the *T. A. Scott*, Captain O'Brien, which anchored off the mouth of Boca Chica this morning, and opened upon the rebels who had attempted to cross.
>
> The same transport the night previous anchored off the mouth of the Rio Grande, and amused herself by keeping up an almost constant fire upon the Mexican vessels crossing and recrossing the river.
>
> The old salt was a few miles wrong in his reckoning; for he afterward stated that he "thought he was peppering away at the damned rebels in Boca Chica instead of the harmless Mexicans on the Rio Grande;" so that we shall probably have to make an apology for the slight mistake of firing upon their vessels while engaged in a contraband trade with the rebels on the Texan shore.
>
> Those of your readers who have ever visited Ship Island can have a good idea of this barren, inhospitable shore.
>
> Brazos, as well as all the islands along the Texan coast, is a sandy desert. One house (deserted) stands to our right, and a mile or so farther toward the interior are two light-houses, one on each side.
>
> Charred ruins show that three dwellings were destroyed by fire some time ago. Nothing but the chimneys remain standing.
>
> The foundations of the buildings used by General Taylor for stores can yet be seen; but no other vestige remains. Sand and sand-hills meet the eye in every direction; and for miles there is no covering from the rays of the burning sun by day, nor the heavy chilly dews by night.
>
> Four wells were discovered by our soldiers; but the water is brackish and unpalatable. Around these were collected from thirty to forty head of poor cattle. They were suffering terribly from thirst, and drank with avidity the miserable water that our men gave out to them from the wells.
>
> The few inhabitants who lived on this desert probably fled as soon as our fleet anchored off the shore; for, as I have before stated, not a human being was to be seen.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

## PROCLAMATION:

### BY HORATIO SEYMOUR,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

IN accordance with the Customs and Laws of this State, I, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby designate Thursday, the 26th instant, to be a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, and I hereby declare the same to be a Legal Holiday.

In the midst of calamities, brought upon our country by the wickedness, folly, and crimes of men, we have reason to be thankful to Almighty God for abundant Harvests, for exemption from Pestilence, and for the preservation of our State from the devastations of War which afflict other sections of our land. Let us offer fervent prayers that Rebellion may be put down, our Union saved, our Liberties preserved, and our Constitution and Government upheld. As a becoming proof of thankfulness to God, and as a proper evidence of our gratitude to the Armies and Navy, I urge our citizens to make contributions, on that day, for the comfort and support of the destitute families of those who have lost their lives or have become disabled in the service of their country. In the midst of our abundance, let us remember charity to those who are in want, and in the hour set apart for social and religious thanksgiving and praise within the limits of our State, let us encourage those who are engaged on distant and dangerous fields of duty, by showing sympathy and kindness toward their families who need our aid and support.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Privy Seal of the State, at the City of Albany, this tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

By the Governor.
DANIEL F. TYLER, Private Secretary.

## THE SITUATION.

OUR armies seem once more at a stand-still. The November mud appears to have driven both Meade and Lee into winter-quarters; and cavalry raids and guerrilla and outpost skirmishes are likely to be the only movements of consequence on the Potomac for some weeks to come. At Chattanooga all is quiet, and our correspondents write that no active operations are expected in that army for some time. Grant will have enough to do to hold and secure his communications, and feed his army at Chattanooga; while, on the other hand, Bragg will have his hands full in preparing for the inevitable movement on Atlanta and Rome. Gilmore continues to thunder away at Fort Sumter and the other outer defenses of Charleston. But thus far he seems to be making but little impression, and the belief gains ground that Charleston can only be reduced by a land attack, and regular approaches against Moultrie. In East Tennessee Foster, who succeeds Burnside, will probably be able to hold Knoxville, but can not do much more, except in the way of cavalry raids. In the Southwest all is comparatively quiet. Away down South, on the Mexican frontier, General Banks has landed an army, with designs which can only be conjectured. So enterprising and sagacious a man, however, would not, we may be certain, have embarked in a fruitless enterprise; and there may be more promise in an invasion of Texas than can now and here be discerned.

But altogether the prospect is that our armies will not see much fighting, at all events, on this side of Christmas. With the early spring Meade may move, Grant is sure to move, and Gilmore may pursue his victorious career; but till then we may not have much exciting news to chronicle.

Meanwhile it devolves upon the country to devote its whole energies to the work of recruiting the army. Three hundred thousand more men are wanted by New-year: if they are not obtained by volunteering, they will be procured by the draft. Congress, when it reassembles next month, will probably amend the Conscription Act by striking out the $300 clause, so as to leave substitutes free to command their own price. Under these circumstances, and especially in view of the active demand for labor which exists every where, it is quite probable that the price may advance to a figure which may render it impossible for the great mass of the individuals drafted to escape service. People who do not want to run the risk of the draft had better, therefore, lose no time in stimulating a volunteer movement. In this, and one or two other localities, the injudicious haste with which cities stepped forward to relieve *every one* from the draft, last summer, has naturally chilled patriotic ardor, and lulled cowards into a false security. Hence, here, a new draft—peremptory and without escape—is seemingly inevitable. But there are many parts of the country where, with proper energy on the part of influential men, and suitable provisions for the families of volunteers, the quota may be filled without a draft.

There are two other important movements which are going on day by day. One is the recruiting of negro troops: the other, the colonization and culture by free labor of abandoned plantations. Both are essential to the final completion of the work we have in hand. The promise we have made to the negroes, which, in the President's words, "must be kept," can only be secured by giving men of color the power to protect themselves. They must be made the armed guardians both of their own liberty and of the dominion of the United States. All the Southern forts and military lines which, throughout the lifetime of the present generation, it will be necessary to garrison must be garrisoned by negro troops. And all the plantations which the Southern chivalry have abandoned or forfeited must be worked by free labor. It devolves upon us to show to the world that the negro will work as well for the hope of reward as from the dread of punishment, and that sugar and cotton can be raised as profitably at the South without slave-drivers as they ever were with them. The reports of the commission which has in charge the letting of Government plantations are very encouraging. This year, the profits realized by parties who hired from Government abandoned estates, and worked them with free labor, have been in many instances enormous. We must line the Mississippi Valley with a new race of settlers, nurtured in the wholesome air of freedom; and then, but not till then, will that glorious country be firmly secured to the Union, and in a condition to yield the fruits which it was God's ordinance it should produce.

## BRITISH JOURNALISM.

ONE leading cause of the bitter feeling against England which has pervaded all classes in this country since the war broke out has been the ceaseless stream of abuse and misrepresentation which has been poured upon us and our cause by the British journals. Not only has the *Times* steadily traduced us and falsified our aims and prospects, but almost every minor journal, whether published in London or in the rural districts of England, has thrown its handful of mud, till it appeared to an American observer that the British public were almost universally our enemies.

This impression may have been erroneous. The small papers may have spoken merely for themselves, not for the public. We remember a letter which was published a year or more since in the Mobile *Register*, condemning the Confederate Government for the selection it had made of subordinate agents in Europe, and stating that it was far simpler and surer to hire Englishmen to write up the rebels than to employ Southerners to do the work. This letter tended to create the impression that the articles abusive of this country with which the minor British press was filled were merely "paid puffs" of the rebel cause—*reclames*, as the French call them, expressing no man's opinion. This impression is confirmed by the publication of the intercepted letters of M. de Leon, rebel agent in Paris, to Jeff Davis and his Secretary Benjamin. He alludes more than once to his successful efforts to create public opinion in England by the aid of the press. After drawing attention to Earl Russell's speech at Blairgowrie, he observes, in a letter to Mr. Benjamin:

> "The sympathy of the British people for us is growing stronger every day, and in the same ratio as their antipathy for the Yankees. To foster and increase these favorable dispositions I have caused various publications to be made in England on the topics of cotton, slavery, the oath of allegiance, Federal fabrications, and kept up a running fire through the English press. Some of these publications shall be sent you by the first opportunity which presents for sending packages."

So it seems it is to Monsieur de Leon, of South Carolina, and not to any Englishman, that we are indebted for the vituperation we find in so many British papers. The discovery will not raise the character of British journalism in American opinion. But it will render us much less sensitive to what these upright journalists may say of us hereafter.

## THE LOUNGER.

### AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

A LATE London *Spectator* denounces the conduct of Mr. Laird in building the rams and refusing to prevent their departure so that the Government is obliged to station war ships for that purpose, as a most unprecedented resolution upon the part of a British subject to plunge his country into war merely to gratify his own cupidity. In the same vein "Historicus," Mr. Vernon Harcourt, shows in the London *Times* that the rebels are trying to make England the base of their hostile operations against a friendly power, and have therefore rendered themselves responsible to Great Britain. "Historicus" suggests that Mason left England because he knew, in case the rams escaped, that he would be in a very doubtful position toward the Government. Add to this that the Governor-General of Canada and Lord Lyons hastened to apprise our authorities of the Lake plot, and it is pretty clear that Great Britain means to avoid all occasion of trouble with this country.

We need not be in haste to ascribe this conduct to any profounder admiration of our system, nor to suppose that she has any romantic friendship for us, as we certainly have not for her. But at least it should modify that indignation which the general tone of the British press and the sneers of the officers of the Government during the first years of the war naturally produced; nor ought any fair Englishman who read the stuff that Mackay wrote from New York for the *Times*, and who was familiar with the leaders and speeches of men and papers in England, to be surprised that we were indignant. We can each rejoice that the sky is clearer, and each resolve to keep it so.

### MISSOURI.

GOVERNOR GAMBLE, of Missouri, has lately expelled from the State two officers of the United States army, holding commissions from Adjutant-General Thomas to recruit colored soldiers. They were expelled for that reason, and not for misconduct. This may be very conservative, but it is radically wrong. It is part of that remarkable policy which in Missouri has withstood the policy of the National Government, and which the President has not yet rebuked. The difficulty in Missouri is very simple. It is that the influence of the National Government is thrown upon the side agreeable to the rebels. Here, in New York, it was reason enough for voting against the "friends" of Governor Seymour, that the rebels wanted them to be elected. Ought it not to be enough in Missouri that to favor the Gamble policy is to please the enemy?

Certainly many of the loyal Missourians feel so strongly that they are betrayed into saying what they certainly do not mean. When the speaker at the Cooper Institute declared that he would not submit to the constitutional election of Vallandigham, for instance, as President, there is no doubt that the words did not express his thought. But there is equally no doubt that such a remark harmed his cause more than he imagined. So when one of the German "radical" papers calls upon Congress to protect the Government against the Administration, it repeats the silliest Copperhead sophism. The true anti-slavery men of Missouri ought to remember that at a time like this, when we are fighting a bloody rebellion which puts forth exactly the plea of the orator, and a reaction which takes the ground of the paper—the cause of the orator and paper, so defended and stated, repels the very sympathy they invoke.

On the other hand, no sensible man will forget that the faithful men of Missouri have been tried by fire and blood. A few expletives and superlatives may be pardoned them. A stern, implacable determination that slavery, the monster that has spawned civil war, shall be ended and forever, is only natural to them. They feel its fangs every moment, and they can not choose fine phrases. And they are not unjust. The Missouri *Democrat*, the radical organ, says that President Lincoln has made a tragical mistake, but it does not accuse him of the least ill intent. That, we are sure, will presently appear. The President, by his declared policy, belongs with the radical loyal Missourians. A few months more of war will bring him to their side. A few months more will show him that Mr. Postmaster-General Blair is not a wise counselor, and does not represent a Border State policy, which, at this point of the war, is practicable.

### A CONTRAST.

THE dainty "bill of fare" at the Russian ball, printed in French upon colored satin, contrasts curiously with another "bill of fare" on which that heading is boldly printed, and which has a historic interest. It is a strip of stout paper, about seven inches long and two or three broad, with the head, "Fort Lafayette." Just below follows: "Dejeuner, Wednesday, September 8, 1824. Bill of Fare." It was the collation given to General Lafayette upon his last visit to this country.

It is in the kitchen, according to some dinner philosophers, that the progress of civilization is most truly indicated. For all such, who may have preserved the bill of the Russian supper, this of the French breakfast forty years ago will be a fit companion. The two or three little errors of spelling are preserved:

> "Chickens, Turkeys, Hams, Tongues, Pigeons, Ducks, Turkey a la Francaise. Snipe, Woodcock, Plover, Wild Ducks. Alamode veal and beef. Lobsters; and Langues d'Aigneau in Jelly. Anchovies, Crabs, Lobsters. Tartlets, Cheese cakes, Puffs, Jellies, Blancmange, Oranges, Peaches, Pine Apples, Melons, Grapes, etc. etc. *Wines:* Claret, White Hermitage, Madeira, Champagne."

The present bill of fare at Fort Lafayette is understood to be different from this.

### CIVILIZED NEIGHBORS.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* says that it prefers to have Yankees rather than English as its "next-door neighbors" beyond the Potomac. There is no reason to doubt that this preference will be gratified. The reason it alleges is that the Yankees are "ignorant and semi-barbarous enemies to deal with." Here again it is not remarkable that a chivalrous people, who build their State upon the inalienable right to whip women and breed children for sale, should prefer that their "next-door neighbors" should be ignorant and semi-barbarous. The King of Dahomey would be the best conceivable neighbor for them.

But as for having enemies "for ages" upon the north side of the Potomac—that is borrowing trouble of the future enormously. We are engaged in a war in which they will conquer us, or we shall conquer them. They are coming to the Lakes, or we are going to the Gulf. The victory on one side or the other will be radical and final. It will be a social as well as a military victory. It will be like that of the Normans in England. That has not left ages of enmity, nor will ours. The *Enquirer* may take heart. If the rebellion succeeds slavery will debauch the North, and make it more than semi-barbarous—it will barbarize it as thoroughly as it has the South itself. If the Government triumphs liberty will radically reform the social system of the South, and fully civilize it. This result is in the very nature of the contest. It is shown by the bitterness of the *Enquirer*, as it is in every expression, and the whole conduct of the rebellion. Now has barbarism ever obliterated civilization upon a large scale? No. Why do the rebels so nervously denounce us as barbarians and extol themselves as highly civilized? Because they know this truth. Unless, then, they can prove slavery to be the sign of an advanced and advancing civilization, they forecast their own doom.

### PAYING COLORED SOLDIERS.

In his late Message to the special session of the Massachusetts Legislature, Governor Andrew recommends that the State pay its colored regiments the difference between their present wages and those of other United States soldiers. His argument is conclusive. There is no law of the United States by which any discrimination in payment of military service can be made by reason of color. In truth, nobody but those who are blinded by the stupid prejudices of slavery would for a moment think it compatible with national honor to invite men to give themselves to the military defense of the country, and then pay some of them lower wages because they were of a different complexion. But in the case of the Massachusetts regiments the men were expressly told that they were to receive the same pay as other soldiers, so that it is a special injustice to them.

Governor Andrew presumes that Congress will correct the unwise and dishonorable discrimination. For nothing is more plainly established than the bravery, fidelity, and docility of the colored troops. Moreover, their employment is part of the policy of the war, and unless it be also part of that policy to prevent enlistments and destroy the morale of the army, this foolish reluctance to a frank acknowledgment of the services of every good soldier will disappear. When it is remembered how splendidly these men behaved upon the Mississippi and at Morris Island—that, wounded and upon his knees, the color-sergeant of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts held up the flag, and brought it still flying out of the fiery storm—and how ardent and profound is their attachment to the flag and the cause it stands for, it is incredible that any man, not a rebel or a Copperhead, should for a moment doubt what ought to be done.

### THE VICTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1832-3.

The Loyal Publication Society have lately issued a very interesting paper by Judge John Mason Williams, ex-Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts. It is a brief account of the Nullification Controversy of 1832-3, and is intended to show that South Carolina, and not General Jackson, was the victor. And the Chief Justice shows what he intends, as appears from a very simple statement.

On the 24th of November, 1832, the South Carolina Convention passed the Nullification Ordinance, making it the duty of the Legislature to arrest the operation of the tariff of '32 in South Carolina after the 1st of February, 1833. The Convention also issued an address to the other sovereign States, stating that, in its desire to preserve the Union, South Carolina would make certain concessions—which were, in substance, that it would allow Congress to pass a revenue but not a protective tariff. This address was sent to the President and to the Governors. Judge Williams quotes the replies of seventeen of the twenty-three States, which, with the exception of that of Virginia, vehemently denounce the South Carolina doctrine. The other six are Rhode Island, Vermont, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Louisiana. Of their action he has no record at hand.

The Act of Nullification reached President Jackson early in December. He acknowledged its receipt on the 10th, in the famous proclamation written by Edward Livingston. But in his annual Message of the 4th, after the threats of South Carolina had been openly made, he recommended that the tariff be reduced to the revenue standard. On the 12th of February, 1833, Mr. Clay's Compromise bill was introduced, which was intended to raise no more revenue than was "necessary for the economical support of the Government." Mr. Calhoun, incarnate nullification, immediately approved it. Mr. Robbins, the scholarly Senator from Rhode Island, said, "We offer her [South Carolina] this bill, not to renounce this power [of nullification], but to refrain from its exercise at present....If this precedent is to govern, where is the security for the stability of the Union I can not see." Mr. Choate, of Massachusetts, said, "You suppress nullification....by just promptly granting....all it demands."

Meanwhile troops were raising in South Carolina; and Congress passed the "Force Bill," while it was hastening to yield the point in dispute. After that was yielded, on the 11th of March, the South Carolina Convention met again. It congratulated itself upon its attitude of resistance to the Government, by which it had procured a modification of the tariff of 1832, even before it took effect. The Convention therefore repealed the Nullification Act, which had achieved its purpose. But it declared the "Force Bill" null and void within the State; and that act of nullification was never repealed, revoked, or modified.

Thus, according to Judge Williams, who supports his point by ample historical citations, the tariff of 1832 was modified by Congress under a threat from South Carolina. That the Government was authorized to compel the execution of the laws is of no importance, in view of the fact that the attitude of resistance had been assumed and the day named for revolt to begin. Under such circumstances to change a law is to surrender the dignity, the honor, and the power of the Government. If the present Administration had abandoned Sumter before the 12th of April, 1861, it would have done exactly what the Administration of 1832 did. Both said to South Carolina, "You will fire at your peril." But the one hastened to do what Carolina wanted before she had a chance to fire; the other calmly did its own duty, and has turned the traitorous fire of South Carolina against her own heart. There has been a great deal of sighing for General Jackson since this war began. General Jackson was a resolute soldier, but this war demanded a wise man.

### NEW PICTURES.

No American picture is better known than "Mercy's Dream," by Daniel Huntington, the President of the National Academy. It was first exhibited in 1841, and the impression it then made of grace, tenderness, richness, and loveliness has been since most widely extended by a print which suggested, if it did not reproduce, the painting. Seventeen years afterward Mr. Huntington, naturally anxious that a work, the fruit of his earlier powers, which had been so universally admired should be made as perfect as possible, painted another copy in a more masterly manner, which he intrusted to one of the most eminent of the English engravers, Mr. Barlow, whose work is familiar to all of us in his exquisite "Huguenot Lovers." It is this second, mature work which is now exhibited under the auspices of Mr. M'Clure at Goupil's Gallery.

It is a picture of great brilliancy and beauty. The angel, lightly poised, is just placing the radiant crown upon the head of Mercy, which is raised toward it with yearning tenderness. The scene is a wood, and at the right of the spectator a deep, rich vista of landscape nobly completes the work. It is remarkable for its purity, sweetness, and simplicity, and the face of Mercy has a touching loveliness which haunts the memory. The picture has also an interest of curiosity in its remoteness from the topics of the time, and from the "sensational" effect, which is as popular in art as in literature. Its charm depends upon the intrinsic beauty of the theme and the treatment, and they are of the kind which time does not wither.

In another gallery at Goupil's is Mr. James Hart's Memory of Berkshire Scenery—a large landscape, belonging to Senator Morgan. It is full of the characteristic points of the Berkshire landscape, although there is a sombreness in the long ranges of hills covered with dark evergreens which is scarcely enough felt in the open, sunny rurality of this scene. But the brawling brook, the intervale, the wood, the hill-side, the farm, the long, delicious reach of summer perspective, with the white church tower, and the remote, glimmering hills, are very beautiful. "Think of sitting at your winter breakfast," said a friend, "and seeing upon your walls this glimpse of summer!" That describes its magic. It is the painter's memory of a summer made real and permanent.

### IN EXTREMIS.

There can be little doubt that the rebellion is sorely pinched. Simultaneously with the confessions of want which appear in the Southern papers comes the capture of two of the chief blockade-runners. It remains only that Wilmington should be sealed up, and the privation which the rebel Commissary-General feared last April will be felt by every ill-starred rebel in the South. As was said in the editorial columns of this paper last week, the suppression of the rebellion becomes merely a question of time. And then what? What is the danger? Merely that we shall be in possession of a victory which we do not know how to use; that appeals to magnanimity will be forcibly made in order to defraud success of its value.

The one thing that every man who really understands the war will bear in mind is this, that although the rebel armies may be defeated, the rebel mind will remain the same. The war is only the cropping out of the radical, vital, social contest, which will generate open war just so long as it continues. If an early New England settler, living on the edge of the forest, supposed that he had secured peace and safety because he had driven the wolf that threatened his farm into the woods, he was mistaken. The wolf was the threat; the wolf was the danger. While the wolf lived the settler could not lay his gun aside; but when he had killed him the peril ceased.

We may drive the rebel armies before us, but if we leave their cause and inspiration untouched, they retire only to recuperate. If the men who have led the rebellion return to the Union under an oath of allegiance, the necessary hostility of Slavery and Liberty will stimulate them to new plotting and treason. Some may abandon hope. But he does not know slavery who does not know that it would begin the education of a new generation of rebels.

### GENERAL GANTT'S LETTER.

It is a natural question whether the letter of the rebel General Gantt to his fellow-sinners at the South may be considered to be the expression of any very general feeling. Is it likely that the waning fortunes of the rebellion will incline many of its supporters to acquiesce in the profound social change and destruction of sectional traditions which the victory of the Government logically implies? Will suffering and loss and discomfiture, inflicted by men and a part of the country they have always been taught to despise, incline the rebels to resign with equanimity their own social system and theories? or will they generally be left sullen and unconvinced, although subdued?

That there will be very many like General Gantt can not be doubted. But can the long social and political convictions of a section like the South be uprooted by the fortune of a brief war? Is it not only very recently, and not without great reluctance, that so noble, sincere, and unreserved a Union man as Andrew Johnson has come to see that colored soldiers ought to be employed, and that slaves should be emancipated? And how many authoritative and imposing manifestations have we had from Union men in Louisiana, for instance, which we have so long held in part, and in which the slavery system has been demoralized, that they are willing to let it go, and combine heartily to try the inevitable experiment of free labor? While in Missouri, which has been mangled by the war and scourged with fire, even the loyal vote is almost equally divided between a policy of liberty and slavery.

Such facts should be pondered, that we may not expect hearty sympathy with the emancipation policy even among Union men at the South, nor suppose that when we win the final battle we have reached the end of the struggle. As we say elsewhere in these columns, let us be ready to use our victory when it comes by previously understanding exactly what it demands of us. Let us reflect that the foundation of peace is not the capture of rebel arms, but the destruction of rebel principles and systems.

### LITERARY.

As the holidays approach the publishers are busy and the trade is very lively. Scribner issues Mr. Mitchell's (Ik Marvel's) new book, "My Farm of Edgewood," which is a delightful record of the farming experience of a scholar who sees and enjoys all the poetry of his rural life, while he perfectly understands that to make his story valuable to farmers he must show that farming is profitable as well as pleasant. It is very interesting to remark the shrewd Yankee faculty under the dainty elegance of the "Bachelor," whose "Reveries" by the fire have given place to these clear, open air, open-eyed, and open-hearted sketches of the experience of a practical farmer. There is the same twinkling humor, tenderness, grace, and pathos, with the elegant culture and polish of the man of the world, in this book that are so well known in Mr. Mitchell's earlier works, "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," which Mr. Scribner has now issued in beautiful form. Few prettier gift books will be found, and few more warmly prized by youths and maids. Yet we can not part with "My Farm" without regretting the tone of half ennui in which the times are sometimes mentioned, as when the author says: "The American eagle is (or was) a noble bird." Is he any less noble because traps are set for him and guns aimed at him? Does the mere fact of civil war, irrespective of its cause or probable consequence, seem to our friend, the farmer of Edgewood, as to another friend, Monsieur Aubepine, of Concord, merely a bore? If the war had been avoided by surrender to rebellion, or by compromise with traitors, would the American eagle still be a noble bird?

The utmost resources of the typographical art are to be lavished upon the "Life of Prescott," by Professor Ticknor, now preparing by Ticknor & Fields. It is to be a quarto, and as superb a book as can be made in the country.

## ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

General Dix arrived at Buffalo on 13th, and is engaged with the authorities in concerting proper measures for defense, and in ferreting out the parties, if any, that are engaged in the reported plot at Johnson's Island.

Major-General Butterfield, who has been temporarily on duty with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, under General Hooker, is to be recalled and assigned to a new command elsewhere.

There are good grounds for the belief that General M'Dowell will soon be assigned to an important command.

General Butler has arrived at Fortress Monroe and assumed the command of his new department. General Foster, upon leaving, issued a farewell order to his troops.

General Russell, of the Sixth Army Corps, arrived in Washington last week, and presented to the War Department the rebel flags recently captured by his brigade on the Rappahannock.

Captain Shaw, aid to Major-General Augur, has been ordered from New Orleans to the head-quarters at Washington.

Lieutenant-Colonel Green has been relieved from duty as Chief Quarter-master at Washington, by Captain Perry, and will be assigned to another field.

Brigadier-General Charles K. Graham has been relieved, by order of the Secretary of War, from his command in the Army of the Potomac, and directed to report to General Butler.

Commander Harrison has been detached from the command of the *Minnesota*, and is awaiting orders.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lathrop, Inspector-General of General Heintzelman's Staff, has been relieved and ordered West.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 356

War Department, Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, *November* 5, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, Major Charles J. Whiting, Second United States Cavalry, is hereby dishonorably dismissed the service for disloyalty, and for using contemptuous and disrespectful words against the President of the United States.

By order of the Secretary of War.
E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Rev. H. M. Turner, colored pastor of the Israel Bethel church, in Washington, has been appointed chaplain of the First regiment of United States colored troops, now in South Carolina. He is the first colored minister who has been commissioned chaplain.

Brigadier-General George J. Stannard, who has recently been appointed to succeed General Canby in the command of the United States troops in the city and harbor of New York, in consequence of that officer having been ordered to Washington to resume his former position in the War Department, is a native and citizen of Vermont.

General Taylor, Commissary-General of the United States Army, has been relieved from duty at Washington and ordered to Chattanooga. Colonel Shiras succeeds General Taylor at the head of the department.

Colonel Wisewell, of the Sixth regiment, Invalid corps, has been appointed chief of the Invalid Bureau, *vice* Colonel Rush, relieved.

Major-Generals Meade, Newton, and Pleasanton, and Brigadier-General Kilpatrick arrived in Washington last week. It is understood that General Meade proposes, should the situation of affairs at the front permit, to attend the inauguration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg on the 19th inst., and that the Army of the Potomac will also be represented on that occasion by a detachment from each division of the army engaged in that battle.

Recent advices from Pensacola state that Lieutenant Flint, of the United States Marines, died on the 15th ult. He was from Wisconsin. The fever, which was unusually fatal, has abated. Of three hundred cases more than seventy failed to recover. The Marine Guard lost one lieutenant and thirteen privates.

Commodore William D. Porter has been ordered before the Naval Retiring Board, which, after a recess, has again convened. Commodore Porter is a brother of David Porter, and saw some important service himself on the Mississippi. He some time since designed a plan of a new iron-clad vessel of war, which, however, was not adopted by the Government.

Captain G. H. Scott has been ordered to the command of the *De Soto*; Commander Stanley to the North Atlantic Squadron; Commander Lynch to the *St. Lawrence*; and Lieutenant-Commander Queen to the *Wyalusing*.

General Gibbon has been assigned to the command of the Conscript Camp at Cleveland, Ohio—his wound, received at Gettysburg, still preventing him from entering the field.

Surgeon-General Hammond has returned from his extended Southern tour of inspection.

The rebel General Fitzhugh Lee is on his way to Fort Lafayette.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick has been placed in command of the Invalid corps dépôt, *vice* Colonel Wisewell, appointed chief of that bureau.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CHATTANOOGA.

A dispatch from Atlanta, Georgia, on the 13th, says that a fight between the rebel batteries and our forces before Chattanooga continued briskly up to that time, and that our troops have made a diversion from right to left, with a view probably to attack Lookout Mountain, or, it may be, to send troops to reinforce General Burnside.

### SHERMAN'S COLUMN.

Major-General Sherman was at General Thomas's head-quarters on 16th, having made a junction, with his entire corps, with the right of General Grant's army at Chattanooga.

### CHARLESTON.

The latest news from Charleston is by way of Richmond to the 14th instant. On the 13th the firing from our batteries averaged about two shots a minute throughout the night, and continued with greater rapidity next day. The casualties were only two killed and one wounded.

### ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Every thing is quiet on the Rappahannock and Rapidan. General Meade has returned to his command. Heavy cannonading was heard on 16th in the vicinity of Stevensburg, commencing at eight o'clock, and continuing about an hour. It was renewed between eleven and twelve o'clock, and was heard at Bealton, twenty miles distant, as the train passed that point. It was supposed that Kilpatrick, who has his camp at Stevensburg, had engaged a reconnoitring force of the enemy.

### A PLOT IN CANADA.

Buffalo, Detroit, and other Lake cities were much frightened last week by rumors of an intended attack from Canada. The Montreal *Advertiser* (a rebel organ) says:

"An expedition was fitted out, consisting of thirty-six officers, under the command of one who had distinguished himself in similar dashing enterprises, and three hundred men. The officers embarked at Wilmington, in the Confederate steamer *Robert E. Lee*, and landed at Halifax. The cotton and tobacco brought by that steamer as freight were sold to furnish the funds required, amounting to about $110,000. The men came overland through the States in small parties to the general rendezvous. The intention was to surprise the Federal garrison on Johnson's Island, liberate the prisoners, convey them to Canada in vessels provided for that purpose, and forward them by Halifax to Nassau or Bermuda; the greater part of the funds being specially devoted to paying their passage to one of these points."

Unluckily for them the Governor-General of Canada communicated the plot to our Government, and measures were promptly taken which nipped it in the bud. All is quiet at Sandusky and Johnson's Island.

### DISASTER IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The recent attack on General Burnside's outposts, in which six hundred of his men and four cannon were captured by the rebels, occurred at Rodgersville, Hawkins County, Tennessee, fifteen miles from Knoxville, and situated at the termination of the branch of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. This fact is communicated in a dispatch from General Burnside himself, in which he says that his main army is in an impregnable position and in good spirits, awaiting the orders of General Grant.

### SUFFERINGS OF OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

A returned prisoner from Richmond, Rev. H. C. Trumbull, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, says that when he left the Libey prison at Richmond on Wednesday, the Union officers confined there had only received one-third of a pound of bread and some water for two days previous, and for several days no meat had been served out. The Quarter-master explained to the prisoners that he had no provisions to give them, and excused himself for the seeming inhumanity on his part. He stated that on the same day he was unable to supply the prisoners on Belle Island with any thing whatever, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he could procure a little meat for the hospitals. It is evident from these facts that the only way to relieve the Union prisoners is to take possession of Richmond and release them from misery, which it would appear the very necessities of the rebels compel them to inflict upon them.

### FOOD SENT THEM FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

A large quantity of provisions, consisting of pork, beef, sugar, rice, potatoes, coffee, and bread were shipped from Fortress Monroe on 14th by the Commissary of Subsistence to the unfortunate starving Union prisoners at Richmond. Twenty-five thousand rations in all were forwarded, and it remains to be seen whether the prisoners will receive them.

### COST OF BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

The attempt at blockade-running into Wilmington, North Carolina, seems to be unfortunate of late. Within a few days past five large steamers have been captured, as we have reported, by which we have not only obtained valuable cargoes and considerable quantities of arms and munitions of war, but also some valuable correspondence from the rebel agents in Europe, which has been published in the papers.

### MARRIAGE OF MISS CHASE.

The nuptials of Governor Sprague and Miss Kate Chase took place on 13th in the presence of the President and Mrs. Lincoln, the several heads of departments, and a brilliant array of the foreign Ministers resident here. Among the guests at the reception were a number of the most distinguished men and women of the country.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

### THE ANGLO-PIRATES.

The case of the suspected rebel gun-boat *Alexandra* has been again up in the Court of Exchequer, London, and it seems probable that the Attorney-General's motion for a new trial, with a view of raising all the points of the case, will be granted, and that the ruling now had will decide the case of the Laird rams.

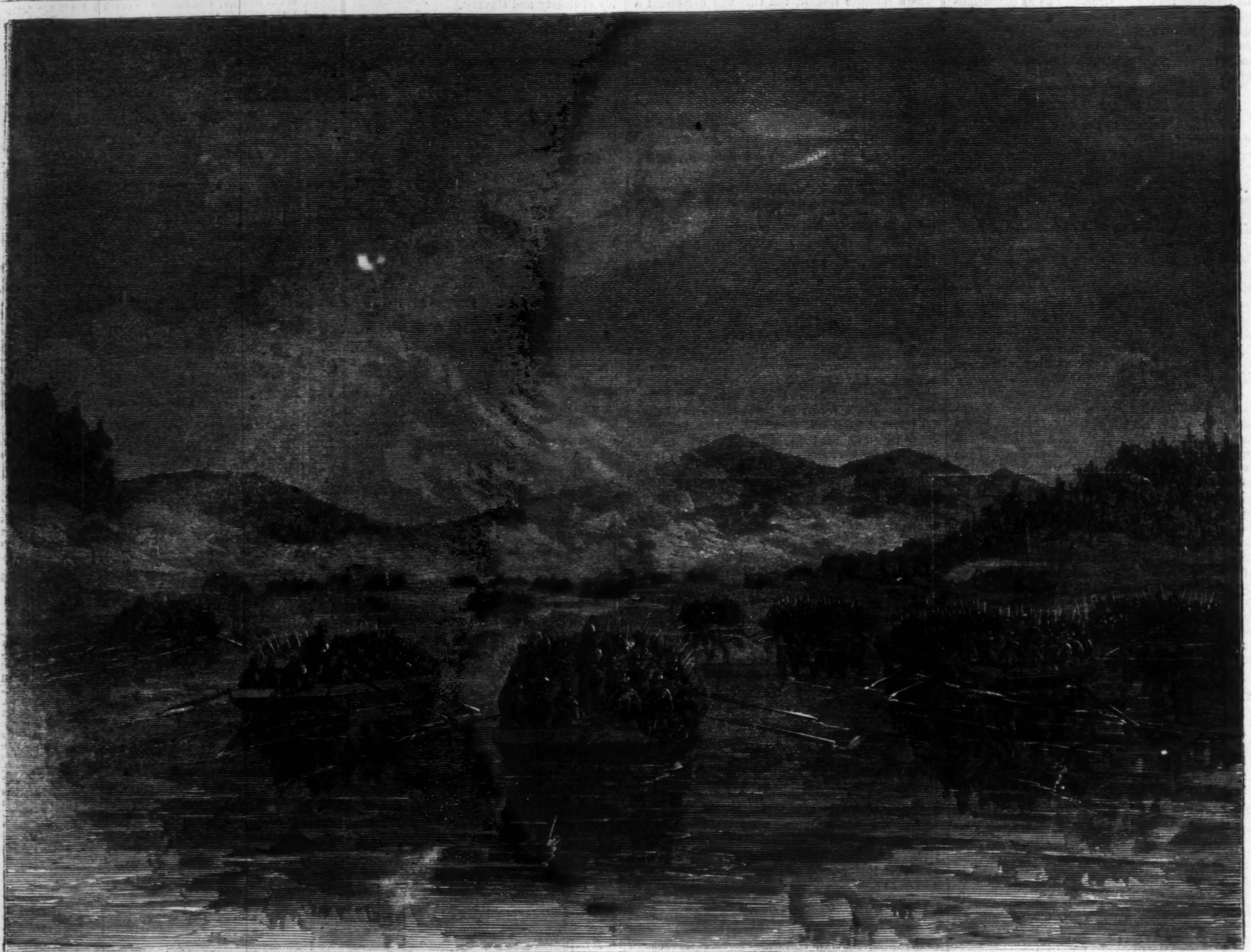
### THE "PRINCE CONSORT."

The British iron-clad frigate *Prince Consort* was very badly damaged when steaming from Plymouth for Liverpool to look after the Laird rams. She put into Kingstown harbor half full of water and leaking badly.

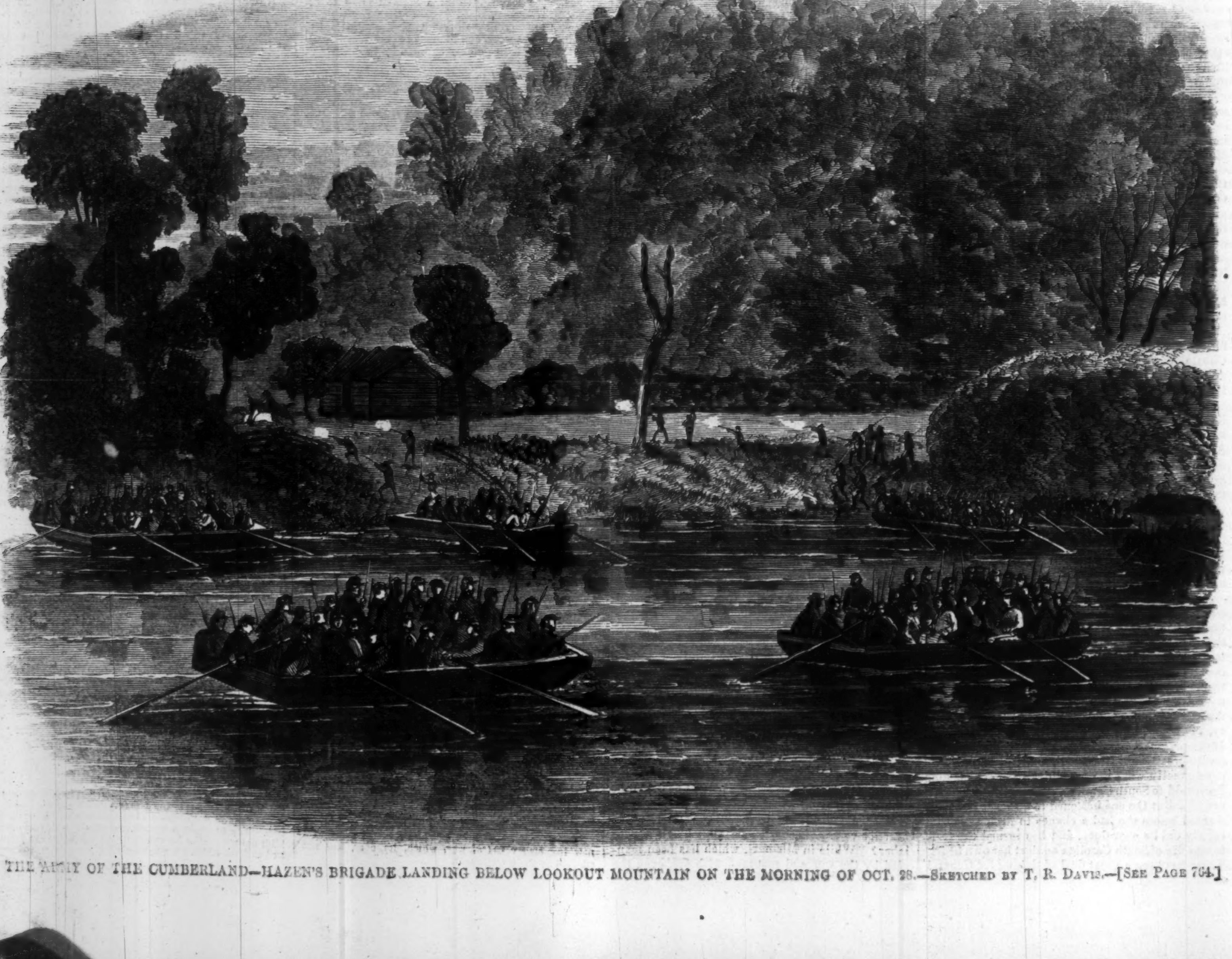
### FRANCE.

### OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

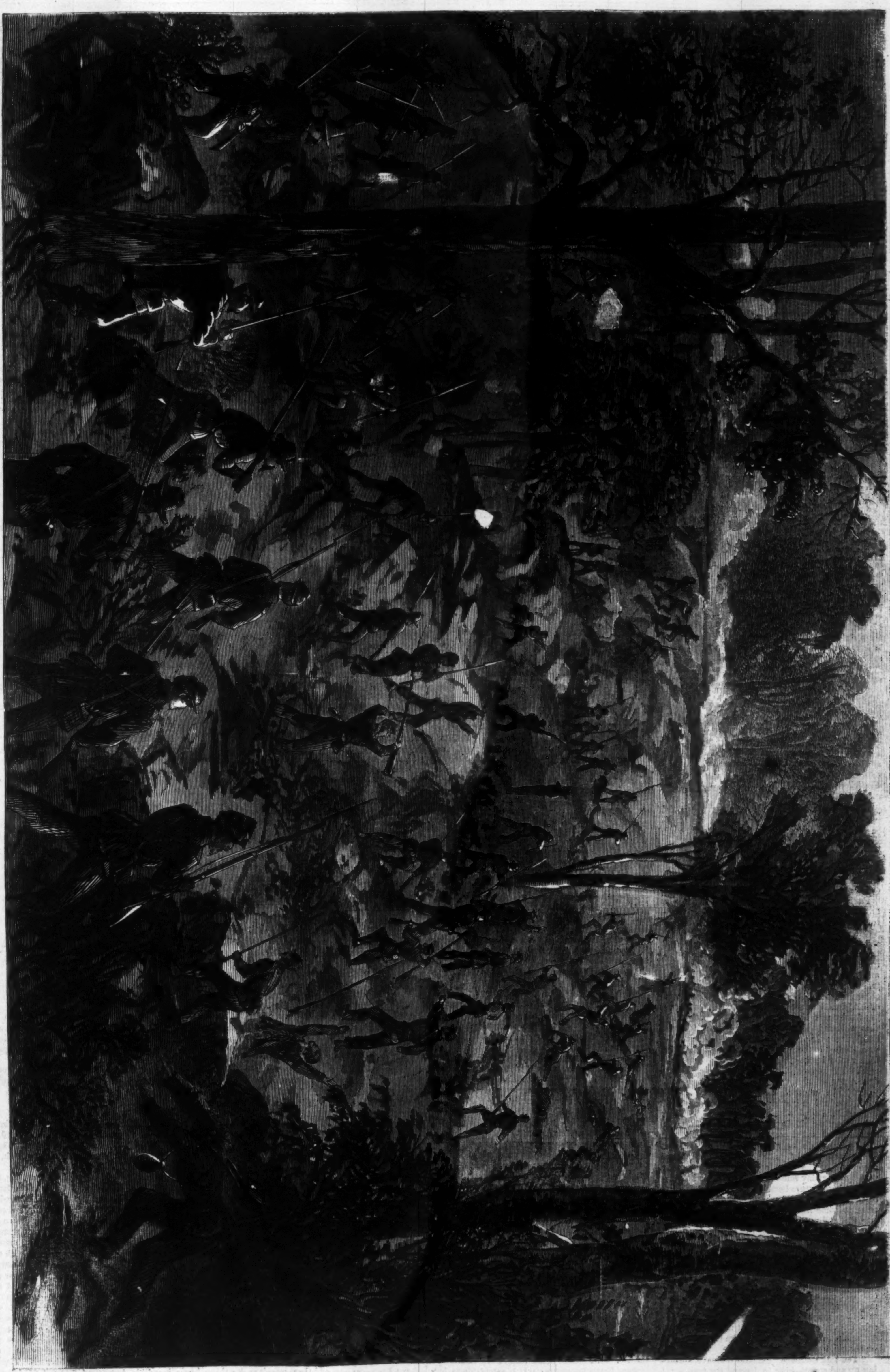
The session of the French Legislature was opened by Napoleon in person. His speech was of a pacific character. He made only a passing allusion to American affairs, expressed the hope that Maximilian's arrival in Mexico would prove advantageous to the country, and recommended the assemblage of a European Congress on the Polish question. The Emperor acknowledged that the financial exhibit did not realize his expectations. Reforms are promised in favor of the French people.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—GENERAL HAZEN'S BRIGADE DESCENDING THE TENNESSEE TO OCCUPY LOOKOUT VALLEY.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See Page 764.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—HAZEN'S BRIGADE LANDING BELOW LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN ON THE MORNING OF OCT. 28.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See Page 764.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CAPTURE OF REBEL RIFLE-PITS IN LOOKOUT VALLEY BY THE THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS AND SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEERS, ON OCT. 28, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 764.]

## MEAVE, SCHOOLMISTRESS.

PERCHED on a crooked pine trunk, striking out a thousand feet above the plain, sat Meave Gilchrist, weaving a laurel wreath with her fingers and pleasant speculations with her brain. Opposite, a mountain threw its mighty shadow into the valley beneath. Miles away a bright gleam told of the river, and still beyond showed the shadowy hills of Vermont. The air was not here a thin gray vapor, but a quivering golden presence of delight, on which lived sweet wild-wood odors, and little fragments of shining cloud floated about at will. The grand old mountain, warmed to its very core with the summer heat, seemed to hold her on its breast with a human kindliness, and to lift her into the peace, and up to the very gates of heaven; and being a lonely thing, Meave rejoiced even in this grim mountain petting. Her face relaxed from its ascetic self-communing look, and bloomed out into the sparkle and gayety proper to twenty-one, when physically and morally healthy. The light in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks deepened, and half unawares she chanted as if to herself:

"La nuit sombre,
De son ombre,
Couvre le manoir."

A pleasant tenor voice, a little way down the hill, took up the refrain, "Oh, Leonore!" and a young man, wearing a port-folio slung across his shoulder, and alpenstock in hand, came up the steep ascent, bearing a little carefully balanced cup.

"Here it is at last. The spring was further than I thought."

"You have not been long away."

"I found it an age, but perhaps you enchanted the ground. How can I tell what spells you are weaving this very moment?"

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you know that your quaint name was that of the Erse fairy queen? And I have observed that you have an uncanny far-off look in those bonny brown een of yours, as if you spied things beyond the ken of common mortals."

"If I knew a spell, you should give me some of that water for which I am so thirsty."

"Drink, then."

"Give me the cup."

"No; I have earned the privilege of holding it."

Meave stole a glance at the mischievous face bending over her, colored swiftly, and dropping her long lashes drank without more ado, and with a cool Thank you, and without again looking at him, went on with her wreath. Paul threw away the cup and stretched himself at her feet with a lithe, panther-like ease of movement special to him, crushing the thick shining laurel leaves between his restless fingers, and watching her as he lay there, out of a pair of keen eyes varying perpetually from a cold grayish-blue to intensest black, and shaded by lashes of almost womanish length.

"What ever sent you here?" he asked, on a sudden.

"Dr. Fosdick," answered Meave, promptly.

It was not the answer he wished, so he looked unenlightened.

"Not long ago," explained Meave, "I entertained a general impression that the world got up at six, wearied out with sleeping; that its breakfast was tasteless; that morning meant *do, dare, dedi, datum*, and the inspiriting exercise of lifting bodily such sentences as, "Have you the beautiful golden candlestick of the brother of my uncle?" from one language to the other; that the afternoon signified history and a quaggy headache; and the evening, involuntary disbelief in the possibility of any nobility or heroism, any clear cut or original thinking, any thing but dull endurance of negative distresses. Dr. Fosdick is my Mentor, also my physician; so I went to him with my sensations, and he called them symptoms, and ordered me a dose of nature. Fortunately it was close on my vacation, or I could not have left my school, so *me voici*."

Paul winced at that word school, which she brought out with such pitiless clearness. It disturbed certain illusions that he found pleasant; reminded him that somewhere beyond this rustling, shining, singing, golden mountain, and the sleeping country that rolled away from its foot, tossed into billows of grain and meadow-land, for miles and miles toward the glancing water and the spectral hills, was throned, amidst war and tumult, the thing he called Society; a thing that took no note of feet (though as arched and shapely as those showing from under the short bright skirt near him), that walked in the ways of toil, and with whom soft brown eyes and masses of reddish-brown hair were as dust in the balance, and altogether lighter than vanity in the scales with pedigrees and rent-rolls. The remembrance at which she could not even guess sounded nevertheless in his tone, and jarred on her in turn.

"I wonder if it goes on still" (with an outward motion of the hand)—"all that buying and selling, lying, cheating, sinning, marrying, and giving in marriage! I had almost forgotten it."

"Why not do so quite?" answered Meave. "Why must you always be thrusting your money-changers into the very temple itself? trail your worldly, everyday thinking through these holy retreats, where Nature herself puts away her riotous colors, her bursts of flowers, and light waving of trees, to come hushed and reverent into this solemn mountain presence."

"That is for you," retorted Paul, lightly, "who are priestess of these mysteries and 'solemn presence' all in one, when you bend your brows at me, as you do just now; but for everyday, worthless mortals like myself, mountains are simply fertilizers, climate temperers, charming alternatives for cod-liver oil, admirable excuses for love and book making, nothing more. For us your violet-colored talk is so much lovely nonsense. We lack your spiritual vision, though, for that matter, it is well enough in a woman; keeps her from being so sharp on her neighbor's bonnet."

"You talk sacrilege," exclaimed Meave, springing up and commencing to descend the path. "I will not listen to you."

"But you will wait for me, won't you? Have a care there! It is more than steep."

The girl made no answer, but striking her long alpenstock on the loose stones lying thick on the path, went steadily down till she had passed the great rock jutting half across the road, and was hidden from sight. Half vexed, half surprised, Paul followed.

"Who could have dreamed of her taking fire at that?" quoth he, coming after her on the double-quick. "Women are such incomprehensible creatures!"

Now the incomprehensible creature specially referred to, from the moment that she found herself safely behind the rock, had commenced to loiter, for, notwithstanding pique, she had not the smallest intention of making the descent alone; and when she heard him coming registered the fact by a sudden bound and rush of blood up to her cheeks and back to her heart, and a little joyful tingle to her very finger-ends; for she had been mortally afraid lest she had made him truly indignant. And then, to cheat herself doubtless, I don't know who else, commenced to hurry her going; and walking fast and carelessly, stepped on a loose stone that turned even under her light weight, and twisting her ankle she sank to the ground with a little cry of pain. Paul saw, and made but a bound of it to where she lay; but she put him on one side with a wave of the hand and an angry flush.

"It is nothing. I can get on very well by myself;" and rising to her feet she took a few steps forward, turned pale, staggered, and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"Now," he exclaimed, "I shall not listen to you, but make you hear reason. You poor little thing, see how you have hurt yourself by your perversity!"

"It is only my ankle," she answered, faintly, trying to free herself from his hold; "a mere sprain; and I used it too carelessly. I can walk alone."

"Witness the notable example you have just afforded us," said Paul, coolly. "Really I am very sorry, since you find my services so disagreeable; but I see no remedy. You can not get down the hill alone."

Meave looked hopelessly along the rugged path.

"Pleasant, this! I wonder if ever any one was so intolerably careless and absurd before!"

"Is it really so dreadful, then?" asked Paul, softly.

"What?"

"The thought that I shall be of some small service to you."

"I was not speaking of you, but of my own awkwardness."

"Pardon me, but isn't that an evasion? Doesn't the sting of the whole matter lie in the fact that you must now lean on me?"

Meave colored to the very temples.

"You don't understand."

"I think I do. I could, at least, under ordinary circumstances; but I can hardly tell why you should feel these scruples with me. Why not accept my help lovingly, as it is given—now and always?"

Meave was silent, perhaps from pain; but there is a silence more eloquent than words; and the blush that burned on her cheek was assuredly not one of anger as they commenced their wearisome journey homeward. Wearisome, for though Paul half helped, half carried her, with such care and tenderness as he could, over the rough way, the pain of motion was intense, forcing her at short intervals to stop and rest, while slips and jolts were of a necessity unavoidable, causing her keenest distress, though she heroically kept back its expression. So the golden air grew gray and cool; the distant hills, with their velvety mass of trees, changed first to purple and then to burning amethystine splendor as the sun went down; the shadows grew longer, and wove themselves together, and covered all the valley, and climbed the mountains; the cows came lazily along the cool roads, lowing and tinkling their little bells; and the people staying at Mrs. Hutton's were lounging about the grounds in that expectant state that marks the close bordering on the supper hour, as Paul and Meave neared the house. He glanced mischievously at his pale companion.

"Are you ready to run the gauntlet?"

"Laugh if you like, but even you must confess that this is hardly pleasant."

"On the contrary, if you were not suffering, I should call this one of the most delightful moments of my life."

As he spoke he swung back the gate, and lifting Meave up the steps, brought himself and her face to face with a slender fair-haired girl leaning against one of the trees, and surveying them with an ironical smile. Involuntarily he half withdrew his arm from about Meave's slight waist.

"Lute! Miss Mellen!"

"Good-evening, Mr. Aymar. Quite a surprise for us both!"

The lady's cold blue eyes were bright with a not too pleasant meaning; the curves about her handsome mouth were something wrathful, her clear tone was sharp-edged with scorn. Meave looked and knew an antipathy and a foe. Involuntarily she tightened her grasp on Paul's arm, and that timid pressure roused in him a novel emotion—a generous indignation. Meeting the cold blue eyes with a steady intensity that forced down their scornful look, he bent over Meave, saying, in his softest, clearest tone, every word honey-sweet, but barbed:

"Poor little child! you are fainting with pain, and I have been unpardonable to listen to you so long. I shall carry you."

And lifting her in his arms he bore her into the house.

Quintus Curtius or Horatius did nothing more heroic, only each according to his nature and capabilities. Miss Mellen personified Paul's "Society."

Says Emile Souvestre: "It is astonishing what a small habitation contents Happiness, and how little she requires for furniture!" The following morning found Meave radiant, though her ankle was not a little painful; and for the present mountain-paths and wild-wood odors must be exchanged for a sofa and a quiet room; but then Paul loved her, and he was so good, so noble, so fearless, so deft, so graceful, for there is no such alchemist as a woman in love! In short, here was matter for a week's thinking in the condescension of this demigod who was pleased to love her; not to mention the remembrance of various little matters, very foolish telling, but pleasant thinking, as when she struck her injured foot and cried out spite of herself with the pain, and he held her closer and whispered—it doesn't matter what, but it made her blush and smile even to recall it as she lay there alone; and then the demi-god came early to see her and made his whole morning bright! In truth he was charmed by the sweet face looking up at him from the pillows, and the soft hand resting so trustingly in his own, and staid three hours where he had intended one: and even at that Meave saw him go with a little sigh, but instantly rebuked herself for selfishness, and then thought of him all the afternoon, and dreamed of him all night.

Five enchanted days slipped away after this fashion, and helped Meave comfortably half-way down the ladder from her Eden without her guessing at it.

A note and a bouquet commenced the other half. "Paul was in despair, but he could not altogether neglect Miss Mellen, who was *so* anxious for a scramble to High Rocks."

The next day "he was regularly forced to go with a party to High Peak," and so on till one morning came no Paul, no note, no flowers, and Meave was down once more on the hard ground of facts with the door of her Paradise shut fast behind her—slammed at that! Paul had small notion of softening the blow; no intuition in fact to tell him that it needed softening. The thing was getting to be a bore, and he dropped it. *Voilà tout.*

Meave waited. Fancied twenty times a day that she heard him coming, and pulled out the folds of her dress, or straightened her little cap for Mrs. Hutton or Derby: sneered at herself, coined excuses for him, did every thing but guess at the reason of his silence and absence; for she reasoned, if there was to be a parting, for very shame's sake, for honor's sake, Paul must at least say farewell. Oh, wise Meave!

At last she got leave from her ankle to come down stairs, and one day made her appearance in Mrs. Hutton's sitting-room just about twilight, and sank down wearily in a fauteuil by the window. It had been a lowering day, and the evening sky prophesied rain, even where the heavy masses of cloud broke away, showing only gleams of watery brightness. The creek glanced coldly, creeping low over its stony bed; the mountains looked blackish purple; the cleared hills dull and ghastly, with their ashen stumps and pale patches of immortelles. All the tender glow and softness of sky and cloud were gone. The road, winding past the house and away among the mountains, looked lonesome and unlovely; the wind sounded eerie and wailing. Within, the fire—for a fire was needed on such a day—had smouldered almost into blackness, and the room was quite deserted, save of that pale, still figure, about whom the shadows gathered and lowered, as if they had been her thoughts taking form.

Into this room, so tenanted, came Paul and Miss Mellen from some mountain wanderings. She swung her hat by its elastic band and pouted; he carried her basket and alpenstock. A quarrel was in progress between them.

"It is enough that *I* like it, Sir," exclaimed Miss Mellen, sitting down by the hearth.

"Oh, pardon me! I never suspected you of any such weakness as caring for my opinion."

"Why should I? That is for your protégée."

Paul flushed redly.

"May I ask who that is?"

"The—the young person with whom I saw you the first night of my arrival. I don't know her name. She is a teacher, or something of the sort."

"I can not see the connection."

"Only that she is one of your adorers."

"The question is of your adorers, not mine."

"Explain."

"I think you were talking of me."

Miss Mellen raised her shoulders.

"That is an evasion. You can not deny that it was a flirtation."

"What would you have? One must pass the time. You can't be always doing nature. You take these flirtations just as you do your summer clothes, and slip them as you would an old shooting-jacket at the end of the season."

"I shall remember that."

"As you like. But is it not absurd in us to quarrel?"

Meave could see that he had taken her hand and was bending over it; but Lute snatched it from him hastily.

"Some one is coming."

"I hear no one."

"It is Mrs. Hutton. I know her step. I shall not stay to be bored;" and, catching up her hat, she fled by way of the dining-room as Mrs. Hutton came in at the usual entrance. Paul had no time for escape; but he sat so quietly that the worthy soul might not have spied him in the dusky room, had she not stumbled over him as she groped about the hearth. At that she recoiled with a scream.

"Mr. Aymar! Bless me!"

"Are you serious, Mrs. Hutton?" asked Paul, gravely. "I should hardly think my benediction worth very much."

"Sakes! how you frightened me! I didn't know as you was back."

"Miss Mellen was fatigued, and the day was so dreary, that we went no further than that last cleared field."

"A few years ago, and there wasn't such a thing as a cleared place any where," observed Mrs. Hutton, musingly, sitting down before the fire; "and it seems half a pity now to think of all them noble trees laid low: oaks and pines, older than I be by years enough! Still, there's always a pleasant thought for me in a field like that, ugly as it looks; for I say to myself, There, that's the way God deals with my heart, and with the heart of all them he loves. He burns away in the fires of his afflictions all the hopes and loves that shut Him out from us, and lays in ashes the shade in which we took pride, and the strength on which we leaned; and then our lives look hateful to us, with nothing left but the thinking and the wishing for what has been, just like them stumps; and when they take deep root, and seem unwilling like [illegible] quit the soil, why, then He comes again and again, and burns and burns, till He has burned them fairly [illegible] and then He plants his precious seed, and we [illegible] forth fruit for others as well as ourselves, just as the grain and grass cover the blackened ground and the charred stumps."

"Quite likely. I dare say you are right," said Paul, indifferently, sauntering to the window by way of closing the argument. It was the window in which Meave sat; and as he stood there looking out at the dark, his fingers chancing to rest on the fauteuil, touched a little cold hand lying on its arm. He started, and looked down.

"Meave! it isn't possible! I didn't know that you were here!"

"You need hardly tell me that."

"You mean—you were here—when—"

"Miss Mellen came in with you? Yes."

She spoke calmly, only with a strained clearness, in which a close listener might have detected a tremble, sooner or later to break down in sobs.

Paul stood an instant stunned. He could just see the pale face outlined against the dark cushion, the listless figure lying wearily back. She stirred, and he caught the violet odor of which she was so fond. He thought of the smiling, saucy, quaint little figure perched on the old pine trunk; of the white hand that had clung to his arm; of the deep eyes looking up into his as he helped her down the mountain road. The old love and tenderness came back on him like a flood. He bent over her, murmuring,

"Meave, listen: don't condemn me yet."

But she broke in on him, speaking under her breath, but every word clear and unmistakable.

"Paul, don't you see that, even were you the same, I could never think of you as I did once? I never knew you till now."

Mrs. Hutton caught the last words, and recognized the voice.

"Miss Gilchrist! you there! Why, when did you come down? Don't you want a light?"

"If you will be so good, Mrs. Hutton. It is so stupid when you can neither see nor stir about."

Still Paul persisted, seizing on Mrs. Hutton's temporary absence.

"You have not heard me. Is it justice to condemn me without a hearing?"

She pushed him from her with something like abhorrence.

"It is bad enough as it is. Don't make me quite hate you!"

Mrs. Hutton came back with candles.

"Mrs. Hutton," asked Meave, faintly, "isn't there something in the Bible like this—'Woe unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out?'"

"Jeremiah, sixth, fourth," answered the old lady, promptly.

"I should like to have that on my tombstone, then," continued the young girl, turning her head wearily on the cushion.

"The Lord preserve us!" and Mrs. Hutton stood staring.

The door from the hall opened, not too gently, and a wave of joking, laughing, flowing skirts and veils, with one or two shooting-jackets struggling hopelessly in their midst, rolled in upon them—half a dozen people, in fact, talking all together; and foremost Lute Mellen, holding fast by the hand a pretty girl in traveling-dress, Vivia Baracole, one of the new-comers.

"But I want to see Meave, Meave Gilchrist," cries this last, in a pretty despair. "I came here because she— Why there she is now! Meave, you darling, why didn't you speak?" and flying across the room she kissed her vigorously on cheeks and lips, a proceeding which Miss Mellen inspected through her glass.

"Lute, come here," called Vivia; "you must know Meave. How have you contrived to remain stranger? Oh, that ankle has kept you prisoner. How did you sprain it, dear? Is it very painful now?"

Here a gentleman disentangled himself from the group at the door, and came up to the fauteuil, smiling.

Meave looked at him doubtfully.

"Is it your brother, Vivia?"

"Yes—Gérard. He knows you already through my report. Do you find us alike? Gérard, you can sit here, but remember it is an act of special grace. I am to do the talking; you may look, however."

Gérard smiled slightly, holding out his hand, but the languid fingers on the arm of the fauteuil made no move to meet them. At that he darted a keen, inquiring look at the face, fair, and round, and baby-like, with all the bright hair drawn away from it under the little lace cap, but read there simply weariness and indifference—nothing more.

All this time Miss Mellen was sitting with them, but not of them, partially turned away toward a little table on which she had scattered her ferns, and keeping haughty silence as she sorted them. Some one stepped through the long open window and joined her thus sitting there—some one in whose dark bright face was neither weariness nor sadness, but bearing himself with an elastic grace, and after a half-assured, half-appealing fashion, whose charm was well and bitterly remembered by the girl sitting near, forced to see spite of herself. Their talk was inaudible, but sound was not needed for its translation, for from under his long lashes his eyes shone at their intensest, full into Lute's cold face that drooped before him, blushing, disturbed, and unable to bear his look; and his fingers had found and taken possession of her hand, not in the shadow but in clear open light; and Meave must endure it as the worshipers of Dagon the sight of their prostrate god, the votaries of Baal the taunts of Elijah.

There was no help in Vivia. She saw and comprehended nothing, but was talking on, with her usual volubility, of Greek jackets, Alexandra curls, and a thousand similar fooleries, making a horrible meaningless buzz in Meave's tortured ears. She looked wildly about for way of escape, and glancing at Gérard met his steady, intelligent look. Now there are merciless extremities of the soul, when hard bestead and pressed down out of measure, electric intuition seizes the reins and forces the dumb, unreasoning nerves and muscles into sudden action, leaving swift thought far behind; and so it chanced that to this stranger, this acquaintanceship of half an hour, she turned, and holding out her hands, formed with her pale lips the words, "Help me!" words and gestures alike scarcely noticeable, but Gérard comprehended. He turned to his sister:

"Miss Gilchrist is tired with all this talking, and you are yet in your traveling dress. Leave her in my charge. Miss Gilchrist, I am sure this light is distressing you;" and without more ado he wheeled her chair, so as to face the window, made of the curtains a tolerably effective screen, and sat down beside her as sentinel.

"Is that better?" he asked, softly.

Meave looked up at him with grateful eyes. She was wondering at the quickness with which he had understood and answered her appeal, at her own daring in making it, and looking at him for the clew. He was not ugly, for he resembled Vivia, nor specially handsome; simply a well-bred gentleman, with a quiet of manner, full of rest and strength, that curiously enough seemed to surround her with an atmosphere of peace, in which she fell asleep. Gérard looked gravely into the fair sleeping face.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured, "some day she shall tell me all about it;" and left her noiselessly.

The windows of the Pagoda looked directly on the shore, hard white beach and gray sea stretching away under the low sky, all in full view; and gazing out on it a few days later sat Meave, sounding in her thought Mrs. Hutton's words—"He burns away in the fires of his afflictions the loves and hopes that are dear to us; lays in ashes the shade in which we took pride, the strength in which we trusted." Pain had not done with her, though delusion had. The old dreariness and loneliness were back upon her, and doubled. Was there a God who called to her in all this? She could not tell; she stretched out her hands into an abyss of dark and cold when she thought of him. Of one thing she was certain, that nothing human should again win her to trust and belief. The smart of betrayal was too bitter she thought, listening to the endless dash and roll of the water.

At the window opposite sat Vivia, traces of deep care on her fresh face.

"If you were only not such an impracticable love," she said, presently.

Meave roused herself.

"What?"

"I was saying, dear, that your tulle spencer was quite fresh (you have never even worn it, have you?), and it needs only a little Valenciennes with a velvet rim through the beading; and I have oceans of tulle for the skirt, and we two can make it up in a day and a half. We couldn't trust any of these sewing women here, you know, and I always did so long to see you in a tulle dress! It seems your specialty; pure, and floating, and mist-like—you would look like a lily set in clouds—"

"If you would only tell me what this is all about?" put in Meave, resignedly.

"The dress that you are to wear to-morrow evening."

"This, my dear; no other, I assure you. I am not going to that absurd soirée."

"And why not?"

"I am not in the humor."

"But Gérard thinks it will benefit you."

Vivia was an unwise general there. She emptied her arsenal of her last and strongest argument, and in vain.

Meave smiled in sweet scorn.

"Gérard is very kind, but I could not imagine myself at such a place."

Vivia commenced to pout.

"That is too bad; when I had planned all your dress so nicely. You could not bring up your dreadful consistency and talk wise and proper about duty and expenses, for it would absolutely cost you nothing—but to be obliging; I am truly disappointed. I did so long to go."

"*You* will go."

Vivia saw her advantage and seized it.

"Not a step without you."

"Vivia, that wave could go as well as I."

Vivia pouted and went to look for her brother.

"Gérard, she won't go."

"How do you know?"

"She says so."

"Oh! is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"All things earthly are subject to change, even a lady's whim."

"But don't you see (with an impatient shrug of the shoulders), even if she should redecide—and there isn't a gleam of hope as to that, for she is a perfect rock, quite as bad as you are—it would be too late?"

Gérard patted the velvet cheek, and smiled into the tragic eyes.

"Why, Pussy?"

"The dress, you dear old stupid—her dress! It is all a thing of the future as yet. It has to be made."

"Set a woman at work on it."

"My dear Gérard, there isn't a soul here who can do such a thing."

"Well, commence it then yourself, and say nothing to her about it. She will go."

"Gérard, you don't know her. I never saw such obstinacy in my life."

"If she don't go, I will give you—"

"An India shawl?" interrupted Vivia, breathless.

"If you prefer that."

"And remember, I am to select it. Oh! I am quite sure of it! I know she won't go."

"We shall see. You go and commence your mantua-making."

At that Vivia flew back to her room, and commenced a furious ransacking in drawers and bureaus, and Gérard's knock sounded on Meave's door.

"Will you ride this afternoon?"

Meave assented cordially enough, for with Gérard she found neither loneliness nor weariness. He possessed a rare gift—that of timely silence, divining intuitively when words were a tax; and still, by a subtle power of active sympathy, so keeping pace with her thought, and even answering it by look and smile, that she had always a pleasant sense of companionship, of feeling, keenest of all delights.

So now with a sense of perfect rest she gave herself to the pleasure of their swift bowling over the beach, breeze blowing, clouds flying, sluggish blood bounding faster and faster, sad lips parting in smiles, eyes beginning to brighten. On a sudden Gérard reined up. They had left the Pagoda far behind, out of sight, so also the few straggling houses neighboring it. The sea stretched away on their right, sparkling and dimpling, the flat country on their left, desolate but for the golden glamour of that soft afternoon, still as if forgotten of life.

She sighed softly.

"That is a bad habit," said Gérard.

"Sighing! I can not help it."

"How unfortunate! You must be deplorably weak, and yet you look in the full vigor of health."

Meave laughed in spite of herself.

"I am not always happy."

"I have known certain unheroic people who took a lazy delight in their misery," pursued Gérard, without seeming to notice the rising flush on Meave's cheek. "They had not courage for the probing and dressing of their wounds, and went about refusing proper remedies and assistance till they had grown positively wedded to their wretchedness."

"Are not some wounds incurable?" asked Meave, softly.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small."

Meave was silent, and Gérard, turning the horses' heads toward home, was silent also till within sight of the Pagoda, and then—

"I have to ask a favor—that you will go with Vivia to-morrow evening?" he said.

"I should like a quiet evening vastly better."

"Doubtless—the lancet isn't pleasant, but this is a favor to me."

"That makes going a necessity."

Gérard smiled his triumph and his thanks as he sprang out to help her from the wagon. Meave was half pleased, half vexed, and went up to Vivia with a very odd face indeed.

"Vivia, I have decided to go if that unfortunate skirt can be finished in season."

Vivia looked out, wonder-stricken, from the floating mass in which she was half buried.

"Adieu to my India shawl."

"*What?*"

"Nothing, dear; only this is your skirt, and it is more than half done. I have been busy over it all the afternoon, and Guy Poyntz is in despair. You know I promised to ride with him."

"Why, this morning I said that I should not go."

"Oh! but Gérard said that you would."

That was her revenge for the shawl and Guy Poyntz. Meave grew scarlet.

"Really!"

"He always brings about events to his liking," pursued Vivia, carelessly. "It is my belief that he wears a fairy ring, or carries Aladdin's lamp in his pocket."

"And he told you that I would go?"

"Certainly, or I should hardly have spent my afternoon with this instead of Guy Poyntz."

At that Meave tossed aside her hat, and seizing a thimble, began to sew. That afternoon's work, and the sacrificed Guy Poyntz, weighed down the scales. Spite of indignation she must go, for to bring all that labor to naught and make of Guy a useless victim was manifestly impossible; but the tulle over which she was busy only knows what things she looked at as she sat there, revolving how best to be adamant where she had been wax. Being a woman, it is to be supposed also that she occasionally thought how all this mist might become her, though, when it was quite finished, and looked, Vivia said, "lovely," she only faintly smiled at it, and, moreover, drove that enthusiastic maiden to despair by heretical opinions, of which, for the first time, she made open confession. Rolls, puffs, rats, mice, cataracts, braids, she would have none of; vowing them fit only for the Sphinx and beauties of that order. The pyramids, or skulls of stone, might safely bear about those mighty masses of frizzing, but not mere mortal heads. Feathers she scoffed at, and out of the flowers sent her by Gérard chose but one; but when the scolding was done, and Vivia reduced to dumb despair, she brushed away the hair from her forehead, and coiled it in bright soft rings at the back, slipped on her cloud-like dress, pinned a broad white lily on her breast, and floated in on Vivia like a fair morning.

That young lady, still at her frizzing, uttered a scream of delight, and was running to embrace her, when she was checked by Meave. "Take care, dear! you will rumple it."

Then Gérard came, and looked shyly, for he scarcely knew the drooping, sorrowful girl through all this white splendor. Something of the kind he said, and she smiled at him in answer—a smile in which lurked a subtle flame of wrath.

"What have I done now?" thought Gérard, perplexed, and standing aside he watched her a while—a calm, clear-eyed Aurora, a snow-gleam among the flushed dancers. When the Lava Strome began to sound he went to her. She showed him her tablets, in a gay despair, full to the end.

"I shall not dance them, you know," she said, kindly; "but then your name is not there." The mutinous look, the proud smile, were clear enough; she was asserting her freedom; punishing him for having persuaded her. He went away smiling at that, to dance with people whom he had not displeased, but still watching her as she glanced in an occasional brief whirl among the dancers, to serve as a pretext for much promenading in corridors and talking in recesses and moonlit windows.

Fortune is a veritable woman; beholding Gérard's bold front she tossed him the chance for which other men might have labored in vain. He heard Vivia asking for Guy Poyntz, and looking across the room saw the gentleman in question standing with Meave beside one of the long windows. He went over to them at once.

"Mr. Poyntz, there is a lady in despair about her shawl and fan; you were last seen with them. If you will aid her in the search I will take Miss Gilchrist in charge." And before Meave quite knew what it was all about, he had wrapped her cloak about her and drawn her out on the piazza; and the moonlight was every where about them, tipping the hoarse waves plunging in on the shore, glancing through the thickly-leaved branches, making every where into the shadow, filling all the air with a quivering golden enchantment; and the music came in long, delirious bursts through the open windows, and the little ivory tablets at Meave's slender wrists vainly clashed reproach, as they paced endlessly up and down, till Vivia came to look for them, shawled and hooded. Every one was going, or gone.

Having a better guess at the workings of her little heart than she herself, Gérard in the morning looked for war; but Meave met him sweetly smiling, and he was at a loss, till he reflected that all this smiling was but the dazzle and glint of the armor under which she held herself cool and invulnerable. They were sitting in her room, which they had been very much in the habit of using as a sort of boudoir, the girls idling over lovely embroidered things which they styled their work; Gérard reading; Vivia, who was as restless as a humming-bird, fidgeting secretly, and sharply looking out for a decent interruption. At last she found it. It was the bathing hour; every one was going to the beach. Meave bent a little closer over her work: "I am not going." Vivia exclaimed and argued. Gérard kept careful silence. Meave did not fail to note this silence, and hardened herself in her resolve; but resolutions are such wretched company! When they had all gone the morning dragged miserably.

To get rid of herself Meave wandered into the drawing-room, where she seldom showed herself, and was instantly seized upon by a bore. Now there are two sorts of bores, one a shade less exceptionable to a woman than the other. In the midst of your torments you may glean from the female bore some useful hint respecting the cut of a waist or somebody's character; but the male bore talks slavery or ologies. Meave's bore had an ology; and when he had gone away came Julia Creighton, and quite filled up Meave's little sofa. Miss Creighton held her shoulders high and her elbows stiffly, was pinched in at the waist, and angled all over with little charms and ends of ribbon, and was sweet on Gérard—*ergo*, was held in abomination of Vivia and Meave. Alas for the badness of human nature (feminine)! Miss Creighton was of the gushing order. When Gérard came into the drawing-room she received him as if from the jaws of death.

"And you *really* are not afraid? But then you gentlemen have *so* much courage! Now I should *faint* with fear. I wonder at Vivia's courage; she is a daring creature; but there *is* danger—you will not deny that? There is danger."

Gérard did deny it utterly—then the Creighton again:

"But you see it requires faith and trust. Now I can not believe that it is actually *perfectly* safe. I have such a skeptical nature!"

"Mr. Baracole will remodel your nature," put in Meave, curling her handsome lips. "He is an adept."

Miss Creighton opened her languid eyes.

"Oh! ah! how droll you are!"

"I assure you I am serious."

"You speak from experience?"

"Certainly," answered Meave, coolly, but flushing in spite of herself.

"But if you could have seen her before," said Gérard, with perfect gravity, "you would be surprised at the improvement."

"There is our condition," pursued Meave, irritated by his composure; "perfect subjection. Mr. Baracole is a veritable tyrant—a perfect despot."

The Creighton uttered a little giggle.

"You are too severe, Miss Gilchrist. How can you say such shocking things?"

"Shocking! it is quite natural. He prefers a small field to none, and exercises such capabilities as have been given him on things weak enough to own such influences."

Not even rude jesting this, but sharp earnest—spoken with eye and cheek aflame and bitter tone! Miss Creighton shrank and exclaimed weakly, and all Gérard's face lightened with some emotion that was gone on the instant; while Meave sat in that strange hush that comes at such times, her own words ringing mercilessly in her ears. At last way of escape came. Gérard found even that for her, and she stole away as miserable a thing as ever went down a garden-path. She was ashamed to look at Vivia, she had so very much the feeling of having stabbed that good little thing, who quite adored her brother: and to think that since she must insult him, of all malicious, vapid gossips she could choose no other witness than Miss Creighton! He must hate her, and despise her, too, and that thought was intolerable, because she deserved it. She would at least have tried to raise herself above his contempt by making such reparation as was possible; but if he chose that she should feel a something of distance and division between them that she could by no means pass, what remained but to sit down quietly with this tangled skein of her own spinning? Nothing, for a weaker will and courage; but she, chancing to find him one day on the beach, put tremors and heart-beating on one side, and coming up to him said, resolutely,

"Mr. Baracole, I have something to say to you."

He looked down at her curiously. There was such an odd mixture of shamefacedness and daring about her.

"I am sorry that I spoke to you as I did before Miss Creighton," went on Meave, hurriedly, for she felt her courage going.

"And I, that you should have troubled yourself with an apology. It needed none."

Meave put that aside with a peremptory wave of the hand.

"That is conventional. Please don't. I am going to be sincere. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. That was a lie at the outset. I don't think that you are a tyrant, and I don't believe my—that, that intolerable insolence about your capabilities. Don't laugh. I am in earnest. It was unpardonable and unladylike, and cowardly and mean to assail you, because I knew that as a gentleman you could not defend yourself, and if I could strike my name from my own list of acquaintances I would do so with pleasure; and I don't blame you for being displeased as you were."

"How little you know! I was not displeased, but pained. You spoke with such earnestness that I fancied that, after all, you hated me."

Meave stooped suddenly for some bright moss that the waves had brought in almost to their feet.

"When I look at this," she said, "I shall remember a soft, gray sky, and flying spray, and pleasant salt-odors."

"You are going to-morrow?"

"I need at least five days before the opening of my school."

Then they sauntered lazily home with talk as idle as the free wind blowing about them, and the next morning she went away.

Meave possessed considerable administrative talent. She took a certain pleasure in the ordering of her school, in the nice working of its systems, in the strong and steady grasp with which she held its power; and now she threw herself with double zeal into its details, working as if she were really afraid of leisure, with spirit and hope, too, for the bitterness of her pain was gone; and when she recalled Mrs. Hutton's twilight sermon, it was with a consciousness that the charred and blackened field of her life was upspringing with a new and lovelier growth, and that she was stronger, braver, better for her fiery trial. She grew a little thin, however, perhaps from the unrest spurring her continually into action; and Vivia, who had rushed to see her on her return, deplored the change feelingly.

"You were getting so well! If you could but have staid with us! It was lovely, though Gérard was so discontented. I really never thought him unreasonable before."

Meave smiled faintly.

"Did he come with you?"

"Only to the city. He has gone West."

Then the conversation branched off, and the downfall of hoops was settled. Could it have been for that Meave cried an hour when Vivia had gone?

The days went on, and Meave, coming one evening into her library with a sigh of relief, found some one sitting there quietly in the dim light—Gérard.

"I have been home three hours," was his salutation, "and my first visit is here."

"That is kind—kinder than I expected."

"You put small faith in any child of man."

"Why should I?"

"It is so much more comfortable."

"Yes, if there were no future."

"A discussion again! If we met on Al Sirat I think we should stop to quarrel."

"If you choose, I will agree with all you say."

"Promise me that."

Meave looked up, surprised.

"You would like an echo?"

"For the next half hour."

She made an impatient gesture.

"I never did like riddles."

"Shall I speak plainly?"

"As you like." But, for all her assumed indifference, she was getting half afraid of the meaning in his eyes, of the deepening and thrilling in his voice.

"Remember you are to play echo. So then:—I have missed you intolerably, and I trust you have me also: sweet echo, say also. From the time that I watched your sleeping, suffering face in the deep window of Mrs. Hutton's room till that day on the sands, when you turned it toward me, smiling, saucy, and defiant, I have loved you. Dear echo, say, I have loved you."

Blushing scarlet, between anger and surprise, Meave sprang to her feet, exclaiming,

"This is more than a jest, and unworthy of you, Sir;" but Gérard seized her hand and drew her back beside him, and gathered her close to him.

"Oh, Meave! it is no jesting. Are you so blind, or are you willful? Child, since I have known you every purpose of my heart has been centred in that one intent to win you."

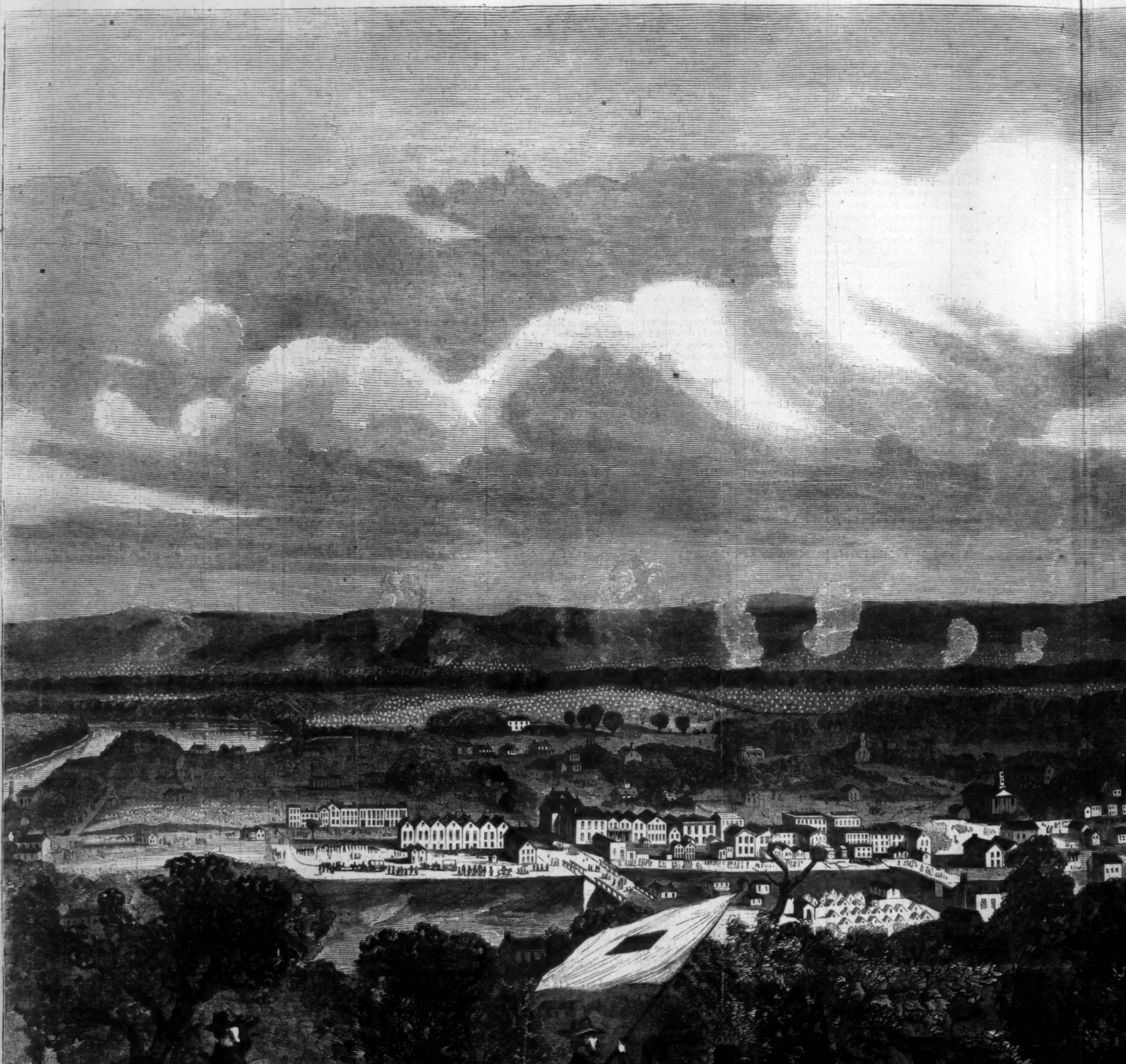
Meave glanced round at him shyly, and then, with a sudden movement, placed her little hand lightly in his, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, told him about Paul.

"I knew all that," he answered, softly, "and I feared lest you would find it hard to trust me."

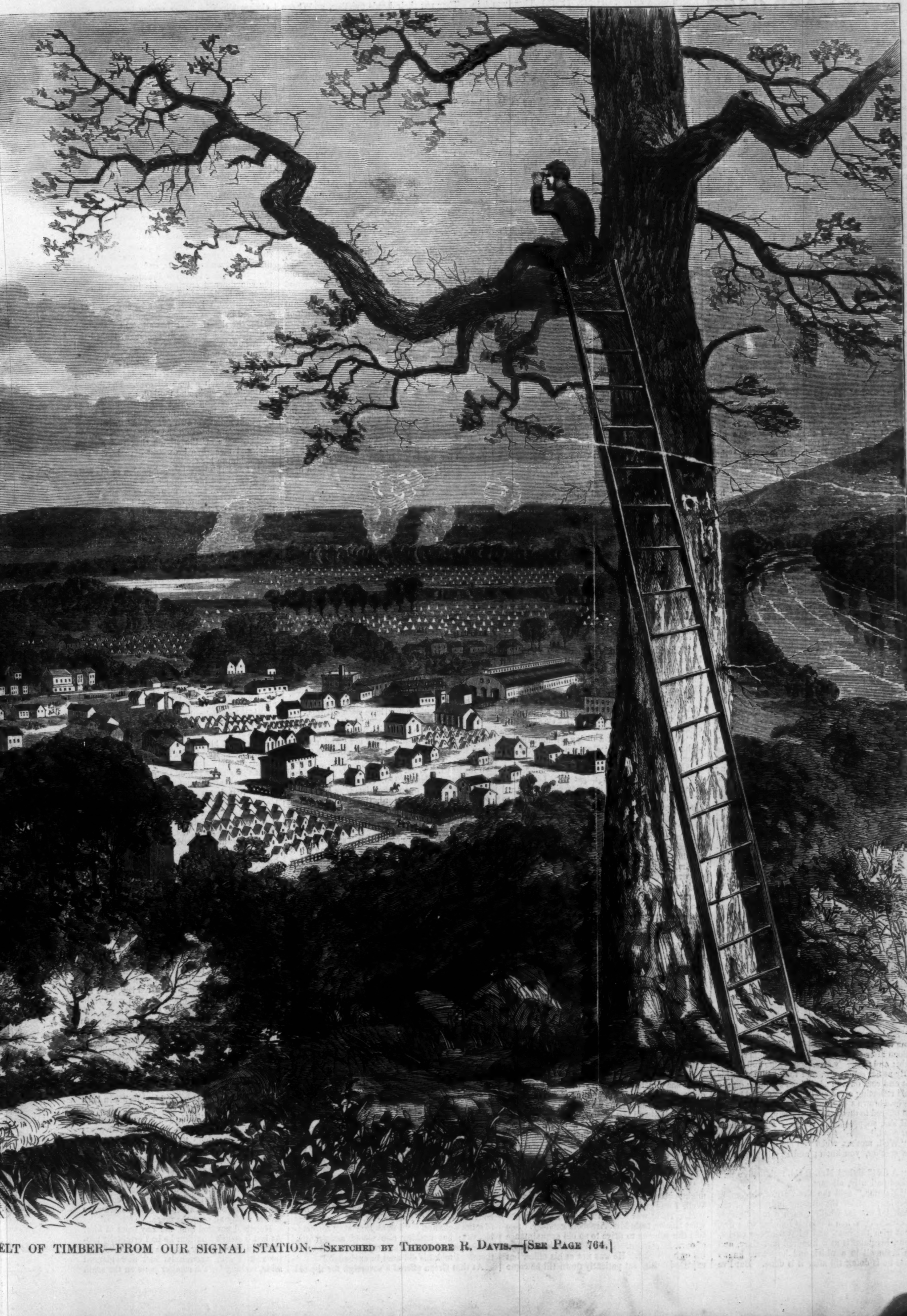
"But I do trust you."

"Wholly?"

"Entirely."



GENERAL VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA AND UNION ENCAMPMENTS—REBEL ARMY BEYOND BELT



ELT OF TIMBER—FROM OUR SIGNAL STATION.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 764.]

# VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

A REPORT came round that the asylum was open in the rear. A rush was made thither from the front; and this thinned the crowd considerably; so then Mrs. Dodd was got out by the help of some humane persons, and carried into the nearest house, more dead than alive. There she found Mrs. Archbold in a pitiable state. That lady had been looking on the fire, with the key in her pocket, by taking which she was like to be a murderess: her terror and remorse were distracting, and the revulsion had thrown her into violent hysterics. Mrs. Dodd plucked up a little strength, and characteristically enough tottered to her assistance, and called for the best remedies, and then took her hand and pressed it, and whispered soothingly that both were now safe, meaning David and Edward. Mrs. Archbold thought she meant Alfred and David: this new shock was as good for her as cold water: she became quieter, and presently gulped out, "You saw them? you knew them (ump) all that way off?"

"Knew them?" said Mrs. Dodd, "why one was my husband, and the other my son." Mrs. Archbold gave a sigh of relief. "Yes, madam," continued Mrs. Dodd, "the young fireman, who went and saved my husband, was my own son, my Edward, my hero; oh, I am a happy wife, a proud mother:" she could say no more for tears of joy, and while she wept deliciously, Mrs. Archbold cried too, and so invigorated and refreshed her cunning, and presently she perked up and told Mrs. Dodd boldly that Edward had been seeking her, and was gone home: she had better follow him, or he would be anxious. "But my poor husband!" objected Mrs. Dodd.

"He is safe," said the other; "I saw him (ump) with an attendant."

"Ah," said Mrs. Dodd, with meaning, "that other my son rescued was an attendant, was he?"

"Yes." (Ump.)

She then promised to take David under her especial care, and Mrs. Dodd consented, though reluctantly, to go home.

To her surprise Edward had not yet arrived, and Julia was sitting up, very anxious; and flew at her with a gurgle, and kissed her eagerly, and then, drawing back her head, searched the maternal eyes for what was the matter. "Ah, you may well look," said Mrs. Dodd. "Oh my child! what a night this has been;" and she sank into a chair, and held up her arms; Julia settled down in them directly, and in that position Mrs. Dodd told all the night's work, told it under a running accompaniment of sighs, and kisses, and ejaculations, and "dear mammas," and "poor mammas," and bursts of sympathy, astonishment, pity, and wonder. Thus embellished and interrupted, the strange tale was hardly ended when a manly step came up the stairs, and both ladies pinched each other and were still as mice, and in walked a fireman with a wet livery, and a face smirched with smoke. Julia flew at him with a gurgle of the first degree, and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed both his blackened cheeks again and again, crying, "Oh my own, my precious, my sweet, brave darling, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, you are a hero, a Christian hero, that saves life, not takes it—" Mrs. Dodd checked her impetuous career by asking piteously if his mother was not to have him. On this, Julia drew him along by the hand, and sank with him at Mrs. Dodd's knees, and she held him at arms-length and gazed at him, and then drew him close and enfolded him, and thanked God for him; and then they both embraced him at once, and interwove him Heaven knows how, and poured the wealth of their womanly hearts out on him in a torrent and nearly made him snivel. But presently something in his face struck Mrs. Dodd, accustomed to read her children. "Is there any thing the matter, love," she inquired, anxiously. He looked down and said, "I am dead sleepy, mamma, for one thing."

"Of course he is, poor child," said Julia, doing the sub-maternal; "wait till I see every thing is comfortable," and she flew off, turned suddenly at the door with "Oh, you darling!" and up to his bedroom, and put more coals on his fire, and took a housewifely look all round.

Mrs. Dodd seized the opportunity. "Edward, there is something amiss."

"And no mistake," said he, dryly. "But I thought if I told you before her you might scold me."

"Scold you, love? Never. Hush! I'll come to your room by-and-by."

Soon after this they all bade each other good-night; and presently Mrs. Dodd came and tapped softly at her son's door, and found him with his vest and coat off and his helmet standing on the table reflecting a red coal; he was seated by the fire in a brown study, smoking. He apologized, and offered to throw the weed away. "No, no," said she, suppressing a cough, "not if it does you good."

"Well, mother, when you are in a fix smoke is a soother, you know; and I'm in a regular fix."

"A fix!" sighed Mrs. Dodd, resignedly: and waited patiently, all ears.

"Mamma," said the fire-warrior, becoming speculative under the dreamy influence of the weed, "I wonder whether such a muddle ever was before. When a man is fighting with fire, what with the heat, and what with the excitement, his pulse is at a hundred and sixty, and his brain all in a whirl, and he scarce knows what he is doing till after it is done. But I've been thinking of it all since. (Puff.) There was my poor little mamma in the mob; I double myself up for my spring, and I go at the window, and through it; now on this side of it I hear my mother cry, 'Edward! come down;' on the other side I fall on two men perishing in an oven: one is my own father, and the other is, who do you think? 'The Wretch.'"

Mrs. Dodd held up her hands in mute amazement.

"I had promised to break every bone in his skin at our first meeting; and I kept my promise by saving his skin and bones, and life and all." (Puff.)

Mrs. Dodd groaned aloud. "I half suspected it," she said, faintly. "That tall figure, that haughty grace! But no; you are mistaken; Mrs. Archbold told me positively he was an attendant."

"Then she told you a cracker. It was not an attendant, but a madman, and that madman was Alfred Hardie, upon my soul! Our Julia's missing bridegroom."

He smoked on in profound silence, waiting for her to speak. But she lay back in her chair mute and all relaxed, as if the news had knocked her down.

"Come, now," said Edward, at last; "what is to be done? May I tell Julia? that is the question."

"Not for the world," said Mrs. Dodd, shocked into energy. "Would you blight her young life forever as mine is blighted?" She then assured him that, if Alfred's sad state came to Julia's ears, all her love for him would revive, and she would break with Mr. Hurd, and indeed never marry all her life. "I see no end to her misery," continued Mrs. Dodd, with a deep sigh; "for she is full of courage; she would not shrink from a mad-house (why she visits lazar-houses every day); she would be always going to see her Alfred, and so nurse her pity and her unhappy love. No, no; let *me* be a widow with a living husband, if it is God's will: I have had my happy days. But my child she shall not be so withered in the flower of her days for any man that ever breathed: she shall not, I say." The mother could utter no more for emotion.

"Well," said Edward, "you know best. I generally make a mess of it when I disobey you. But concealments are bad things too. We used to go with our bosoms open. Ah!" (Puff.)

"Edward," said Mrs. Dodd, after some consideration, "the best thing is to marry her to Mr. Hurd at once. He has spoken to me for her, and I sounded her."

"Has he? Well, and what did she say?"

"She said she would rather not marry at all, but live and die with me. Then I pressed her a little, you know. Then she did say she could never marry any but a clergyman, now she had lost her poor Alfred. And then I told her I thought Mr. Hurd could make her happy, and she would make me happy if she could esteem him, and marry him."

"Well, mamma, and what then?"

"Why then my poor child gave me a look that haunts me still—a look of unutterable love, and reproach, and resignation, and despair, and burst out crying so piteously I could say no more. Oh! oh! oh! oh!"

"Don't you cry, mammy dear," said Edward. "Ah, I remember when a tear was a wonder in our house." And the fire-warrior sucked at his cigar to stop a sigh.

"And n-now n-not a d-day without them," sighed Mrs. Dodd. "But *you* have cost me none, my precious boy."

"I'm waiting my time. (Puff.) Mamma, take my advice; don't you fidget so. Let things alone. Why hurry her into marrying Mr. Hurd or any body? Look here; I'll keep dark to please you, if you'll keep quiet to please me."

At breakfast-time came a messenger with a line from Mrs. Archbold, to say that David had escaped from Drayton House, in company with another dangerous maniac.

Mrs. Dodd received the blow with a kind of desperate resignation. She rose quietly from the table without a word, and went to put on her bonnet, leaving her breakfast and the note; for she did not at once see all that was implied in the communication. She took Edward with her to Drayton House. The firemen have saved one half of that building: the rest was a black shell. Mrs. Archbold came to them, looking haggard, and told them two keepers were already scouring the country, and an advertisement sent to all the journals.

"Oh, madam!" said Mrs. Dodd, "if the other should hurt him, or lead him somewhere to his death?"

Mrs. Archbold said she might dismiss this fear; the patient in question had but one illusion, and, though terribly dangerous when thwarted in that, was most intelligent in a general way, and much attached to Mr. Dodd; they were always together.

A strange expression shot into Mrs. Dodd's eye: she pinched Edward's arm to keep him quiet, and said with feigned indifference:

"Then it was the one who was in such danger with my husband last night?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archbold, off her guard. It had not occurred to her that this handsome, fashionably-dressed young gentleman was the fireman of last night. She saw her mistake, though, the moment he said, bluntly, "Why you told my mother it was an attendant."

"Did I, madam?" asked Mrs. Archbold, mighty innocently: "I suppose I thought so. Well, I was mistaken, unfortunately."

Mrs. Dodd was silent a moment, then, somewhat hastily, bade Mrs. Archbold good-by. She told the cabman to drive to an old acquaintance of ours, Mr. Green. He had set up detective on his own account. He was not at his office, but expected. She sat patiently down till he came in. They put their heads together, and Green dashed down to the asylum with a myrmidon, while Mrs. Dodd went into the City to obtain leave of absence from Cross and Co. This was politely declined at first, but on Mrs. Dodd showing symptoms of leaving them altogether, it was conceded. She returned home with Edward, and there was Mr. Green; he had actually traced the fugitives by broken fences, and occasional footsteps in the side-clay of ditches, so far as to leave no doubt they had got upon the great south-eastern road. Then Mrs. Dodd had a female inspiration. "The Dover road! ah! my husband will make for the sea!"

"I shouldn't wonder, being a sailor," said Green: "it is a pleasure to work with a lady like you, that puts in a good hint. Know any thing about the other one, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dodd almost started at this off-hand question. But it was a natural one for Green to ask.

She said, gravely, "I do. To my cost."

Green's eye sparkled, and he took out his note-book. "Now where is *he* like to make for?"

Mrs. Dodd seemed to wince at the question, and then turn her eyes inward to divine. The result was she gave a downright shudder, and said, evasively, "Being with David, I hope and pray he will go toward the coast."

"No, no," said Green, "it won't do to count on that altogether. How do we know which of the two will lead the other? You must please to put Mr. Dodd out of the question, ma'am, for a moment. Now we'll say No. 2 is escaped alone: where is he like to run to?"

Mrs. Dodd thus pressed, turned her eyes more and more inward, and said at last in a very low voice, and with a sort of concentrated horror,

"He will come to my house."

Mr. Green booked this eagerly. The lady's emotion was nothing to him; the hint was invaluable, the combination interesting. "Well, ma'am," said he, "I'll plant a good man in sight of your door: and I'll take the Dover road directly with my drag. My teeth weren't strong enough for the last nut you gave me to crack: let us try this one. Tom Green isn't often beat twice running."

"I will go with you, Mr. Green."

"Honored and proud, ma'am. But a lady like you in my dog-cart along o' me and my mate!"

Mrs. Dodd waived this objection almost contemptuously; she was all wife now.

It was agreed that Green should drive round for her in an hour. He departed for the present, and Edward proposed to go in the dog-cart too, but she told him no; she wanted him at home to guard his sister.

"Guard her? Against what?"

"Can you ask me that? Why, against 'the Wretch.'" Then seeing him look puzzled, "Consider, Edward," said she, "he is not like your poor father: he has not forgotten. That advertisement, Aileen Aroon, it was from him, you know. And then why does he attach himself so to poor papa? Don't you see it is because he is Julia's father. The wretch loves her still."

Edward from puzzled looked very grave. "What a head you have got, mamma!" he said. "I should never have seen all this, yet it's plain enough now, as you put it."

"Yes it is plain. Our darling is betrothed to a maniac; that maniac loves her; and much I fear she loves him. Some new calamity is impending. Oh, my son, I feel it already heavy on my heart. What is it to be? Is your father to be led to destruction, or will that furious wretch burst in upon your sister, and kill her, or perhaps kill Mr. Hurd, if he catches them together. What may not happen now? The very air seems to me swarming with calamities."

"Oh I'll take care of all that," said Edward. And he comforted her a little by promising faithfully not to let Julia go out of his sight till her return.

She put on a plain traveling-dress. The dog-cart came. She slipped fifty sovereigns into Mr. Green's hands for expenses, and off they went at a slapping pace. The horse was a great bony hunter of rare speed and endurance, and his long stride and powerful action raised poor Mrs. Dodd's hopes, and the rushing air did her good. Green, to her surprise, made few inquiries for some miles on the Dover road; but he explained to her that the parties they were after had probably walked all night. "They don't tire, that sort," said Mr. Green.

At Dartford they got a doubtful intimation, on the strength of which he rattled on to Rochester. There he pulled up, deposited Mrs. Dodd at the principal inn till morning, and scoured the town for intelligence.

He inquired of all the policemen; described his men, and shrewdly added out of his intelligence, "Both splashed and dirty."

No, the Bobbies had not seen them.

Then he walked out to the side of the town nearest London, and examined all the dealers in food. At last he found a baker who, early that morning, had sold a quartern loaf to two tall men without hats, "and splashed fearful;" he added, "I thought they had broken prison; but 'twas no business of mine: they paid for the bread right enough."

On hearing they had entered Rochester hatless, the shrewd Mr. Green made direct to the very nearest slop-shop, and his sagacity was rewarded; the shop-keeper was a chatter-box, and told him yes, two gents out on a frolic had bought a couple of hats of him, and a whole set of sailor's clothes. "I think they were respectable, too; but nothing else would satisfy him. So the young one he humored him, and bought them. I took his old ones in exchange."

At that Green offered a sovereign for the old clothes blindfold. The trader instantly asked two pounds, and took thirty shillings.

Green now set the police to scour the town for a gentleman and a common sailor in company, offered a handsome reward, and went to bed in a small inn, with David's clothes by the kitchen fire. Early in the morning he went to Mrs. Dodd's hotel with David's clothes nicely dried, and told her his tale. She knew the clothes directly, kissed them, and cried over them: then gave him her hand with a world of dignity and grace: "What an able man! Sir, you inspire me with great confidence."

"And you me with zeal, ma'am," said the delighted Green. "Why I'd go through fire and water for a lady like you, that pays well, and doesn't grudge a fellow a bit of praise. Now you must eat a bit, ma'am, if it's ever so little, and then we'll take the road; for the police think the parties have left the town, and by their night's work they must be good travelers."

The dog-cart took the road, and the ex-hunter stepped out thirteen miles an hour.

Now at this moment Alfred and David were bowling along ahead with a perfect sense of security. All that first night, the grandest of his life, Alfred walked on air, and drank the glorious exhilarating breath of Freedom. But when the sun dawned on them, his intoxicating joy began to be dashed with apprehension; hatless and bemired, might they not be suspected and detained by some officious authority?

But the slop-shop set that all right. He took a double-bedded room in The Bear, locked the door, put the key under his pillow, and slept till eleven. At noon they were on the road again, and as they swung lustily along in the frosty but kindly air, Alfred's chest expanded, his spirits rose, and he felt a man all over. Exhilarated by freedom, youth, and motion, and a little inflated by reviving vanity, his heart, buoyant as his foot, now began to nurse aspiring projects: he would indict his own father, and the doctors, and immolate them on the altar of justice, and publicly wipe off the stigma they had cast on him, and meantime he would cure David and restore him to his family.

He loved this harmless companion of his cell, his danger, and his flight; loved him for Julia's sake, loved him for his own. Youth and vanity whispered, "I know more about madness than the doctors; I have seen it closer." It struck him David's longing for blue water was one of those unerring instincts that sometimes guide the sick to their cure. And then as the law permits the forcible recapture of a patient—without a fresh order or certificates—within fourteen days of his escape from an asylum, he did not think it prudent to show himself in London till that time should have elapsed: so, all things considered, why not hide a few days with David in some insignificant sea-port, and revel in liberty and blue water with him all day long, and so by associations touch the spring of memory, and begin the cure. As for David he seemed driven seaward by some unseen spur; he fidgeted at all delay; even dinner fretted him; he panted so for his natural element. Alfred humored him, and an hour after sunset they reached the town of Canterbury. Here Alfred took the same precautions as before, and slept till nine o'clock.

When he awoke, he found David walking to and fro impatiently. "All right, messmate," said Alfred, "we shall soon be in blue water." He made all haste, and they were on the road again by ten, walking at a gallant pace.

But the dog-cart was already rattling along about thirty miles behind them. Green inquired at all the turnpikes and vehicles; the scent was cold at first, but warmer by degrees, and hot at Canterbury. Green just baited his gallant horse, and came foaming on, and just as the pair entered the town of Folkestone, their pursuers came up to the cross-roads, not five miles behind them.

Alfred went to a good inn in Folkestone, and ordered a steak, then strolled with David by the beach, and gloried in the water with him. "After dinner we will take a boat, and have a sail," said he. "See there's a nice boat, riding at anchor there."

David snuffed the breeze and his eye sparkled, and he said, "Wind due east, messmate." And this remark, slight as it was, was practical and gave Alfred great delight: strengthened his growing conviction that not for nothing had this charge been thrown on him. He should be the one to cure his own father: for Julia's father was his: he had no other now. "All right," said he, gayly, "we'll soon be on blue water: but first we'll have our dinner, old boy, for I am starving." David said nothing, and went rather doggedly back to the inn with him.

The steak was on the table. Alfred told the waiter to uncover and David to fall to, while he just ran up stairs to wash his hands. He came down in less than two minutes; but David was gone, and the waiter standing there erect and apathetic like a wooden sentinel.

"Why where is he?" said Alfred.

"Gent's gone out," was the reply.

"And you stood there and let him? you born idiot. Which way is he gone?"

"I don't know," said the waiter, angrily, "I ain't a pliceman. None but respectable gents comes here, as don't want watching." Alfred darted out and scoured the town; he asked every body if they had seen a tall gentleman dressed like a common sailor: nobody could tell him: there were so many sailors about the port; that which in an inland town would have betrayed the truant concealed him here. A cold perspiration began to gather on Alfred's brow, as he ran wildly all over the place.

He could not find him, nor any trace of him. At last it struck him that he had originally proposed to go to Dover, and had spoken of that town to David, though he had now glanced aside, making for the smaller ports on the south coast: he hired a horse directly, and galloped furiously to Dover. He rode down to the pier, gave his horse to a boy to hold, and ran about inquiring for David. He could not find him: but at last he found a policeman, who told him he thought there was another party on the same lay as himself: "No," said Bobby, correcting himself, "it was two they were after, a gentleman and a sailor. Perhaps you are his mate."

Alfred's blood ran cold. "Pursued! and so hotly!"

"No, no," he stammered; "I suspect I am on the same business." Then he said cunningly (for asylums teach the frankest natures cunning), "Come and have a glass of grog and tell me all about it." Bobby consented, and under its influence described Mrs. Dodd and her companions to him.

But not every body can describe minutely. In the bare outlines, which were all this artist could furnish him, Alfred recognized at once whom do you think? Mrs. Archbold, Dr. Wolf, and his arch-enemy Rooke, the keeper. Doubtless his own mind, seizing on so vague a description, adapted it rather hastily to what seemed probable. Mrs. Dodd never occurred to him, nor that David was the sole, or even the main, object of the pursuit. He was thoroughly puzzled what to do. However, as his pursuers had clearly scoured Dover, and would have found David if there, he made use of their labors and galloped back toward Folkestone. But he took the precaution to inquire at the first turnpike, and there he learned a lady and two men had passed through about an hour before in a dog-cart; it was a wonder he had missed them. Alfred gnashed his teeth. "Curse you," he muttered. "Well, do my work in Folkestone, I'll find him yet, and baffle you." He turned his horse's head westward and rode after David. Convinced that his lost friend would not go inland, he took care to keep near the cliffs, and had ever an eye on the beach when the road came near enough.

About eight miles west of Folkestone he saw a dog-cart going down a hill before him: but there was only a single person in it. However, he increased his pace and got close behind it as it mounted the succeeding hill, which was a high one. Walking leisurely behind it his quick eye caught sight of a lady's veil wrapped round the iron of the seat.

That made him instantly suspect this might be the dog-cart after all. But, if so, how came a stranger in it? He despised a single foe, and resolved to pump this one and learn where the others were.

While he was thinking how he should begin the dog-cart stopped at the top of the hill, and the driver looked seaward at some object that appeared to interest him.

It was a glorious scene. Viewed from so great a height the sea expanded like ocean, and its light-blue waters sparkled and laughed innumerable in the breeze. "A beautiful sight, Sir," said the escaped prisoner; "you may well stop to look at it." The man touched his hat and chuckled. "I don't think you know what I am looking at, Sir," he said politely.

"I thought it was the lovely sea view; so bright, so broad, so *free*."

"No, Sir; not but what I can enjoy that a bit, too: but what I'm looking at is an 'unt. Do you see that little boat? Sailing right down the coast about eight miles off? Well, Sir, what do you think there is in that boat? But you'll never guess. A madman."

"Ah!"

"Curious, Sir, isn't it? a respectable gentleman too he is, and sails well; only stark, staring mad. There was two of 'em in company: but it seems they can't keep together long. *Our* one steals a fisherman's boat, and there he goes, down channel. And now look here, Sir; see this steam-tug smoking along right in front of us, she's after him, and see there's my governor aboard standing by the wheel with a Bobby, and a lady: and if ever there was a lady she's one;" here he lowered his voice. "She's that mad gentleman's wife, Sir, as I am a living sinner."

They both looked down on the strange chase in silence. "Will they catch her?" asked Alfred, at last, under his breath.

"How can we be off it? steam against sails. And if he runs ashore, I shall be there to nab him." Alfred looked, and looked: the water came into his eyes. "It's the best thing that can befall him now," he murmured. He gave the man half-a-crown, and then turned his horse's head and walked him down the hill toward Folkestone. On his arrival there he paid for his horse and his untasted dinner, and took the first train to London, a little dispirited, and a good deal mortified, for he hated to be beat: but David was in good hands, that was one comfort: and he had glorious work on hand, love and justice. He went to an out-of-the-way inn in the suburbs, and, when he had bought a carpet-bag and some linen and other necessaries, he had but one sovereign left.

His heart urged him vehemently to go at once and find his Julia: but alas! he did not even know where she lived; and he dared not at present make public inquiries: that would draw attention to himself, and be his destruction; for Wolf stood well with the police, and nearly always recaptured his truant patients by their aid before the fourteen days had elapsed. He determined to go first to a solicitor, and launch him against his enemies, while compelled to shirk them in his own person. Curious position! Now among his father's creditors was Mr. Compton a solicitor, known for an eccentric, but honorable man, and for success in litigation. Mr. Compton used to do his own business in Barkington, and employ an agent in London: but Alfred remembered to have heard just before his incarceration that he had reversed the parts, and now lived in London. Alfred found him out by the Directory, and called at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn-fields. He had to wait some time in the outer office listening to a fluent earnest client preaching within: but presently a sharp voice broke in upon the drone, and, after a few sentences, Mr. Compton ushered out a client with these remarkable words: "And as for your invention, it has been invented four times before you invented it, and never was worth inventing at all. And you have borrowed two hundred pounds of me in ninety loans, each of which cost me an hour's invaluable time: I hold ninety acknowledgments in your handwriting; and I'll put them all in force for my protection:" with this he turned to his head clerk; "Mr. Colls, take out a writ against this client; what is your Christian name, Sir? I forget."

"Simon," said the gaping client, off his guard.

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Compton with sudden politeness: then resuming hostilities. "A writ in the Common Pleas against Simon Macfarlane: keep it in your drawer, Colls, and if ever the said Macfarlane does me the honor to call on me again, serve him with it on the spot; and if not, not. Good-morning, Sir." And with this he bolted into his own room and slammed its door. The clerks opened the outer door to Mr. Macfarlane with significant grins, and he went out bewildered sorely, yea even like one that walketh abroad in his sleep. "Now, Sir," said Mr. Colls cheerfully to Alfred. But the new client naturally hesitated now: he put on his most fascinating smile, and said: "Well, Mr. Colls, what do you advise? Is this a moment to beard the lion in his den?"

At Alfred's smile and address Colls fell in love with him directly, and assured him, sotto voce, and with friendly familiarity, that now was his time. "Why, he'll be as sweet as honey now he has got rid of a *client*." With this he took Alfred's name, and ushered him into a room piled with japanned tin boxes, where Mr. Compton sat, looking all complacency, at a large desk table, on which briefs, and drafts, and letters lay in profusion and seeming confusion. He rose, and with a benignant courtesy invited Alfred to sit down and explain his business.

The reader is aware our Oxonian could make a close and luminous statement. He began at the beginning, but soon disposed of preliminaries and came to his capture at Silverton. Then Mr. Compton quietly rang the bell, and with a slight apology to Alfred requested Colls to search for the draft of Mrs. Holloway's will. Alfred continued. Mr. Compton listened keenly, noted the salient points on a sheet of brief-paper, and demanded the exact dates of every important event related.

The story finished, the attorney turned to Colls, and said, mighty coolly, "You may go. The will is in my pocket: but I made sure he was a madman. They generally are, these ill-used clients." (Exit Colls.) "Got a copy of the settlement, Sir, under which you take this ten thousand pounds?"

"No, Sir."

"Any lawyer seen it?"

"Oh yes; Mr. Crauford down at Barkington."

"Good! Friend of mine. I'll write to him. Names and addresses of your trustees?"

Alfred gave them.

"You have brought the order on which you were confined, and the two certificates?"

"Not I," said Alfred. "I have begged and prayed for a sight of them, and never could get one. That is one of the galling iniquities of the system—I call it 'THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE.' Just bring your mind to bear on this, Sir: The prisoner whose wits and liberty have been signed away behind his back is not allowed to see the order and certificate on which he is confined—until *after* his release: that release he is to obtain by combating the statements in the order and certificates. So to get out he must first see and contradict the lies that put him in; but to see the lies that put him in, he must first get out. So runs the circle of iniquity. Now, is that the injustice of Earth, or the injustice of Hell?"

Mr. Compton asked a moment to consider: "Well, I think it is of the earth, earthy. There's a mixture of Idiocy in it the Devil might fairly repudiate. Young gentleman, the English Statutes of Lunacy are famous monuments of legislatorial incapacity: and indeed, as a general rule, if you want justice and wisdom, don't you go to Acts of Parliament, but to the Common Law of England."

Alfred did not appreciate this observation: he made no reply to it, but inquired, with some heat, "what he could do to punish the whole gang—his father, the certifying doctors, and the mad-house keepers?"

"Humph! You might indict them all for a conspiracy," said Mr. Compton; "but you would be defeated. As a rule, avoid criminal proceedings where you have a civil remedy. A jury will give a verdict and damages where they would not convict on the same evidence. Yours is just one of those cases where Temper says, 'indict!' but Prudence says, 'sue!' and Law, through John Compton, its oracle in this square, says, sue the defendant and no other. Now, who is the true defendant here, or party liable in law?"

"The keeper of the asylum, for one."

"No. If I remember right, all proceedings against him are expressly barred by a provision in the last statute. Let us see."

He took down the statutes of the realm, and showed Alfred the clause, which raises the proprietor of a mad-house above the civic level of a Prince Royal. "Curse the law," said Alfred, bitterly.

"No, don't curse the Law. Curse the Act if you like; but we can't get on without the Law, neither of us. Try again."

"The certifying doctor, Sir?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Compton, knitting his brows: "a jury might give you a verdict. But it would probably be set aside by the full court, or else by a court of error. For, unless you could prove informality, barefaced negligence, or mala fides, what does it come to? A professional man, bound to give medical opinion to all comers, is consulted about you, and says he thinks you are insane; you turn out sane. Well then he was mistaken: but not more than he is in most of his professional opinions. We lawyers know what guess-work Medicine is, we see it in the witness-box. I hate suing opinions: it is like firing cannon at snipes in a wind. Try again."

Alfred groaned. "Why there is nobody left but the rogue who signed the order."

"And if you were a lawyer that alone would tell you he is the defendant. Where a legal wrong has been committed by A. B. and C., and there is no remedy against A. or B., there must either be one against C., or none at all: but this Law abhors as Nature does a vacuum. Besides this defendant has *done* the wrong complained of. In his person you sue an act, not an opinion. But of course you are not cool enough to see all this just at first."

"Cool, Sir," said Alfred, despairingly; "I am frozen with your remorseless law. What, of all these villains, may I only attack one, and can't I imprison even him, as he has me? Such narrow law encourages men to violence who burn under wrongs like mine."

Mr. Compton looked keenly at his agitated, mortified client, but made no concession. He gave him a minute to digest the law's first bitter pill: and then said, "If I am to act for you, you had better write a line to the Commissioners of Lunacy requesting them to hand me copies of the order and certificates." Alfred wrote it.

"And now," said Mr. Compton, thoughtfully, "I don't think they will venture to recapture you during the fourteen days. But still they might: and we attorneys are wary animals. So please give me at once a full authority to act under advice of counsel for your protection."

Alfred wrote as requested, and Mr. Compton put the paper in his drawer, remarking, "With this I can proceed by law or equity, even should you get into the asylum again." He then dismissed Alfred somewhat abruptly, but with an invitation to call again after three clear days. Like most ardent suitors after their *first* interview with passionless law, he went away sadly chilled, and so home to his cheerless lodging, to count the hours till he could see Julia, and learn his fate from her lips.

This very morning a hasty note came to Edward from Folkestone, worded thus:

"Oh, Edward: my worst misgivings! The two have parted. Poor papa has taken a man's boat and is in sight. We shall follow directly in a steamboat. But the other! You know my fears; you must be father and mother to that poor child till I come home.

"Your sad mother,
"LUCY DODD."

Julia held out her hand for the note. Edward put it in his pocket.

"What is that for?" said the young lady.

"Why surely I may put my own property in my pocket."

"Oh, certainly. I only want to look at it."

"Excuse me."

"Are you in earnest, Edward? Not let me see dear mamma's letter!" and the eloquent face looked piteously surprised.

"Oh, I'll tell you the contents. Papa had got to Folkestone and taken a boat, and gone to sea: then mamma took a steamboat and after him: so she will soon catch him, and is not that a comfort?"

"Oh yes," cried Julia, and was for some time too interested and excited to think of any thing else. But presently she returned to the charge. "Any thing else, dear?"

"Humph! Well, not of equal importance."

"Oh, if it is of no importance, there can be no reason for not telling me. What was it?"

Edward colored but said nothing. He thought, however: and thus ran his thoughts: "She's my intellectual superior; and I've got to deceive her; and a nice mess I shall make of it."

"It *is* of importance," said Julia, eying him. "You have told a story: and you don't love your sister." This fulminated, she drew herself up proudly and was silent. A minute afterward stealing a look at her he saw her eyes suddenly fill with tears, apropos of nothing tangible.

"Now this is nice," said he to himself.

At noon she put on her bonnet to visit her district. He put on his hat directly, and accompanied her. Great was her innocent pleasure at that; it was the first time he had done her the honor. She took him to her poor people, and showed him off with innocent pride.

"Hannah, this is my brother." Then in a whisper, "Isn't he beautiful?" Presently she saw him looking pale; unheard of phenomenon! "There now, you are ill," said she. "Come home directly, and be nursed."

"No, no," said he. "I only want a little fresh air. What horrid places! what horrid sights and smells! I say you must have no end of pluck to face them."

"No, no, no. Dearest, I pray for strength: that is how I manage. And oh, Edward, you used to think the poor were not to be pitied. But now you see."

"Yes, I see, and smell, and all. You are a brave, good girl. Got any salts about you?"

"Yes, of course. There. But fancy a young lion smelling salts!"

"A young duffer, you mean; that has passed for game through the thing not being looked into close."

"Oh, you can be close enough, where I want you to be open."

No answer.

The next day he accompanied her again, but remained at the stair-foot while she went in to her patients; and, when she came down, asked her, Could no good Christian be found to knock that poor woman on the head who live in a plate?

"No good Heathen, you mean," said Julia.

"Why yes," said he; "the savages manage these things better."

He also accompanied her shopping, and smoked phlegmatically outside the shops; nor could she exhaust his patience. Then the quick girl put this and that together. When they were at home again and her bonnet off, she looked him in the face and said, sweetly, "I have got a watch-dog." He smiled, and said nothing. "Why don't you answer?" said Julia, impetuously.

"Because least said is soonest mended. Besides, I'm down upon you: you decoy me into a friendly conversation, and then you say biting things directly."

"If I bite you, you sting me. Such want of confidence! Oh how cruel! how cruel! Why can you not trust me? Am I a child? No one is young who has suffered what I have suffered. Secrets disunite a family: and we were so united. And then you are so stupid. *You* keep a secret? Yes, like a dog in a chain. You can't hide it one bit. You have undertaken a task you are not fit for, Sir; to hide a secret you must be able to tell fibs: and you can't: not for want of badness, but cleverness to tell them smoothly; you know it, you know it; and so out of your abominable slyness you won't say a word. There, it is no use my trying to provoke him. I wish you were not so good-tempered; so apathetic I mean, of course." Then, with one of her old rapid transitions, she began to caress him and fawn on him: she seated him in an arm-chair and herself on a foot-stool, and suddenly curling round his neck, murmured, "Dear, dear brother, have pity on a poor girl, and tell her is there any news that I have a right to hear, only mamma has given you your orders not to tell me: tell me, love!" This last in an exquisite whisper.

"Let me alone, you little fascinating demon," said he, angrily. "Ask mamma. I won't tell you a word."

"Thank you!" she cried, bounding to her feet; "you *have* told me. He is alive. He loves me still. He was bewitched, seduced, deluded. He has come to himself. Mamma has seen him. He wants to come and beg my pardon. But you are all afraid I shall forgive him. But I will not, for at the first word I'll stop his mouth, and say, 'If you were happy away from me, I suppose you would not have come back.'" And instantly she burst out singing, with inspired eloquence and defiance,

"Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star.
Aileen aroon."

But, unable to sustain it, the poor Impetuosity drooped as quickly as she had mounted, and out went her arm on the table and her forehead sank on her arm, and the tears began to run silently down the sweet face, so brave for a moment.

"W-will y-you allow me to light a cigar?" faltered Edward. "I'm wretched and miserable; you Tempest in petticoats, you!"

She made him a sign of assent with the hand that was dangling languidly, but she did not speak; nor did she appeal to him any more. Alienation was commencing. But, what was worse than speaking her mind, she was forever at the window now, looking up and down the street; and walking with her he felt her arm often tremble, and sometimes jerk. The secret was agitating her nerves, and destroying her tranquillity as much, or perhaps more than if she had known all.

Mrs. Dodd wrote from Portsmouth, whereof anon.

Mr. Peterson called, and soon after him Mr. Hurd. Edward was glad to see them, especially the latter, whose visits seemed always to do Julia good.

Moreover, as Peterson and Hurd were rivals, it afforded Edward an innocent amusement to see their ill-concealed aversion to one another, and the admirable address and delicacy with which his sister conducted herself between them.

However, this pastime was cut short by Sarah coming in and saying, "There's a young man wants to see you, Sir."

Julia looked up and changed color.

"I think he is a fireman," said Sarah. She knew very well he was a fireman, and also one of her followers. Edward went out and found one of his late brethren, who told him a young gentleman had just been inquiring for him at the station.

"What was he like?"

"Why I was a good ways off, but I saw he was a tall one."

"Six feet?"

"Full that."

"Give you his name?"

"No. I didn't speak to him: it was Andrew. Andrew says he asked if there was a fireman called Dodd, so Andrew said you had left; then the swell asked where you lived, and Andrew couldn't tell him any more than it was in Pembroke Street. So I told him, says I, 'Why couldn't you call me? It is number sixty-six,' says I. 'Oh, he is coming back,' says Andrew. However, I thought I'd come and tell you.' (And so get a word with Sarah, you sly dog.)

Edward thanked him, and put on his hat directly, for he could not disguise from himself that this visitor might be Alfred Hardie. Indeed, what more likely?

Messrs. Hurd and Peterson always tried to stay one another out whenever they met at 66 Pembroke Street. However, to make sure of not leaving Julia alone, Edward went in and asked them both to luncheon, at which time he said he should be back.

As he walked rapidly to the station he grew more and more convinced that it was Alfred Hardie. And his reflections ran like this: "What a head-piece mamma has! But it did not strike her he would come to me first. Yet how plain that looks now: for of course I'm the duffer's only clew to Julia. These madmen are no fools though. And how quiet he was that night! And he made papa go down the ladder first: that was the old Alfred Hardie. He was always generous: vain, overbearing, saucy, but noble with it all. I liked him: he was a man that showed you his worst, and let you find his best out by degrees. He hated to be beat: but that's no crime. He was a beautiful oar: and handled his mawleys uncommon; he sparred with all the prize-fighters that came to Oxford, and took punishment better than you would think; and a wonderful quick hitter; Alec Reid owned that. Poor Taff Hardie! And when I think that God has overthrown his powerful mind, and left me mine, such as it is! But the worst is my having gone on calling him 'the Wretch' all this time: and nothing too bad for him. I ought to be ashamed of myself. It grieves me very much. 'When found make a note on;' never judge a fellow behind his back again."

Arrived at the station, he inquired whether his friend had called again, and was answered in the negative. He waited a few minutes, and then, with the superintendent's permission, wrote a note to Alfred, inviting him to dine at Simpson's at six, and left it with the firemen. This done, he was about to return home, when another thought struck him. He got a messenger, and sent off a single line to Dr. Wolf, to tell him Alfred Hardie would be at Simpson's at seven o'clock.

But when the messenger was gone, he regretted what he had done. He had done it for Alfred's good; but still it was treason. He felt unhappy, and wended his way homeward disconsolately, realizing more and more that he had not brains for the difficulties imposed upon him.

On entering Pembroke Street he heard a buzz: He looked up, and saw a considerable crowd collected in a semicircle. "Why that is near our house," he said, and quickened his steps.

When he got near to his house he saw that all the people's eyes were bent on No. 66.

He dashed into the crowd. "What on earth is the matter?" he cried.

"The matter? Plenty's the matter, young man," cried one.

"Murder's the matter," said another.

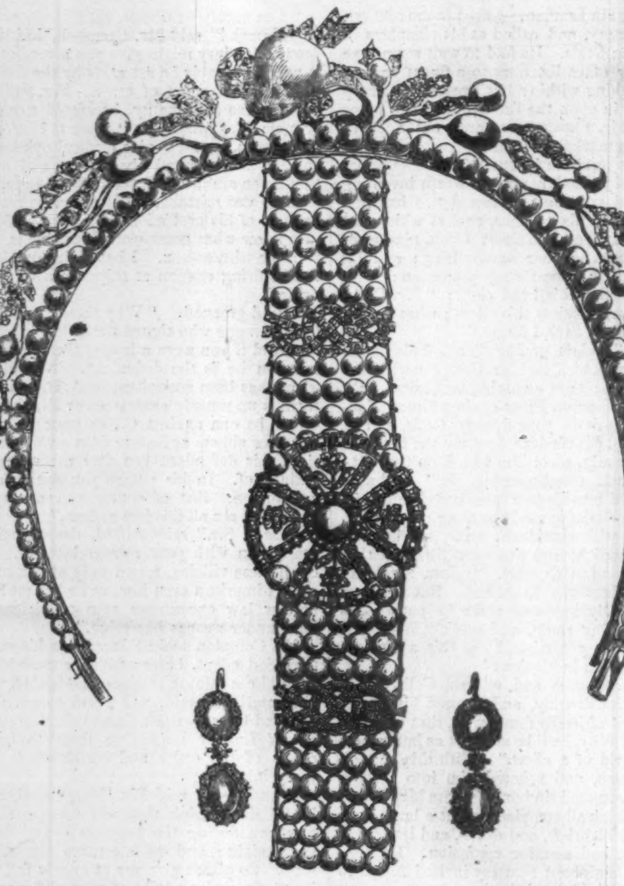
At that he turned pale as death. An intelligent man saw his violent agitation, and asked him hurriedly if he belonged to the house.

"Yes. For God's sake what is it?"

"Make way there!" shouted the man. "He belongs. Sir, a madman has broke loose and got into your house. And I'm sorry to say he has just killed two men."

"With a pistol," cried two, speaking together.

## MISS CHASE'S WEDDING JEWELS.



BRIDAL PARURE OF MRS. SENATOR SPRAGUE (*NEE* MISS CHASE), MADE BY TIFFANY & CO.

SINCE the famous Diamond Wedding of the Cuban Oviedo in this city, some three years since, no similar event has created so lively a sensation in the fashionable world as that upon which the beautiful ornaments illustrated in the accompanying cut were worn—the marriage of Senator and ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, to Miss Kate, eldest daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. The articles engraved are the Tiara, Bracelet, and Ear-rings of the bridal *parure*. The material of which they were composed is pearls and diamonds, and the gold work is so delicately wrought that the eye catches little else, at a cursory view, than these precious jewels. The Tiara, it will be observed, is especially rich and artistic—a combination of intrinsic and æsthetic features not invariably attained. In addition to such desirable qualities it has likewise a curiously-achieved adaptedness which is not obvious from the sketch. The reader will note the base line of rare pearls; but he does not know, until advised of the fact, that this Orient stream can be diverted from its golden strand and made to encircle the fair neck of its possessor. The exquisite spray of orange leaves and blossoms on each frontal has likewise a ticket of leave, whenever occasion requires its service as a distinct head ornament; and, finally, the zenith itself—"the true lover's knot" of brilliants supporting the mammoth, arrow-riven, heart-shaped pearl—only retains its place at the will of the wearer; the cunning mechanism of the goldsmith having so established its relations to the hidden frame-work, that at the word *presto* it is detached, and, by the addition of a pin and catch, changed into an unique Brooch. Thus this beautiful Tiara is either available upon especially grand occasions as an entirety almost unequaled for gracefulness and value—or in each and all of its minor offices as necklace, hair-pins, and brooch.

The subjects of the illustration (as, in fact, the entire detail of jeweled ornaments for Miss Chase) were furnished by Tiffany & Co., of New York. The splendid pearl that constitutes the very front of the Tiara, larger perhaps than any in the country, and in symmetry and rare brilliancy quite warranting the old Latin term *Unio*, has been for some time one of those treasures for the garnering of which that establishment is famous. The Bracelet and Ear rings in the cut, of course less ambitious in design than the Tiara, are still of exemplary beauty and quality of material. The quiet *éclat* of this fine *parure* is equally worthy the fine taste of the lady, whose features it will henceforth adorn, and of the appreciating artist to whom its production has been with such good result intrusted.

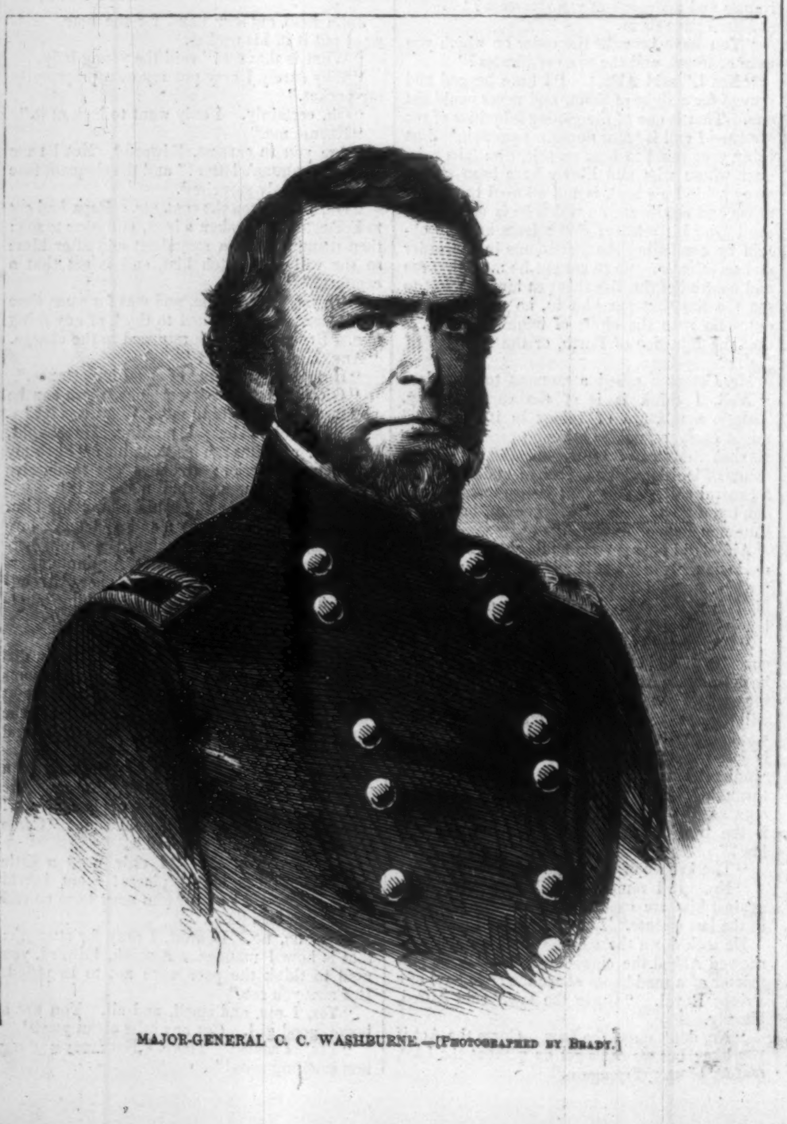
## MAJOR-GENERAL WASHBURNE.

WE publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL C. C. WASHBURNE, who commands a division in General Banks's army of the Gulf, and is distinguishing himself in the work of restoring Western Louisiana and Texas to the Union.

General Washburne is one of that great family of Washburnes which has furnished so many good and great men to the country in the present age. He was born at Livermore, Maine, on April 22, 1818, and is consequently nearly 46 years of age. He studied law, and at an early period of his life removed to Wisconsin, where he settled. He was sent by the people of that State to the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, and Thirty-sixth Congresses, and acquired reputation as a substantial man. He was less prominent than his brother from Illinois, but was not less esteemed by his fellow-members and his constituents.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, Mr. Washburne offered his services to the Government, and was appointed to a command on 16th July, 1862. He served with distinction under Grant, and was present at many of the battles of the Western campaign. On 29th November, 1862, he was appointed a Major-General of Volunteers, and soon afterward assumed the command he at present holds in Louisiana.

General Washburne is a fine soldier, and we shall doubtless hear more of him as the campaign in the far South progresses.



MAJOR-GENERAL C. C. WASHBURNE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

## THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ON page 765 we publish an illustration of the CAPTURE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK NEAR THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, by Major-General Sedgwick. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. The affair was very neat and brilliant. The rebels were surprised, and a large number of prisoners taken, as well as the forts, from under General Lee's nose. General Meade's operations of late have been remarkably successful, and entitle him to high praise as a commander. When the President heard of the operations on the Rappahannock he sent a telegraphic dispatch to General Meade in these terms:

> "I have heard of your operations on the Rappahannock, and wish to say, Well done! A. LINCOLN."

This characteristic dispatch was communicated to the troops in an order of the day, and created the greatest enthusiasm among our brave boys.

At Richmond, on the contrary, the defeats of the rebel forces on the Rappahannock have created much annoyance. The papers which were full of eulogies of Lee a few weeks since now sneer at or abuse him. The *Enquirer* publishes a long list of Confederate surrenders, ending with the recent affairs on the Rappahannock, and draws therefrom inferences any thing but complimentary to the valor and endurance of the chivalry.

## CHATTANOOGA.

WE devote considerable space this week to republishing sketches sent us from Chattanooga by our special artist, Mr. Theo. R. Davis. They will be found to convey a pretty complete view of the situation in that part of the country, as well as of the recent events which have taken place. We subjoin Mr. Davis's letters:

"THE SITUATION AT CHATTANOOGA.—SKETCHED FROM THE SIGNAL-STATION ON CAMERON'S HILL.

"CHATTANOOGA, *Oct.* 28, 1863.

"The difficulty of showing our almost surrounded position in a sketch for a time puzzled me. And when I was one day told by my friends of the Signal Corps 'that from Cameron's Hill Station I could see the whole,' I started for that place, under guidance of Lieutenants Ayres and Bachtell, and obtained the sketch now presented—which shows the river above and below us, and the distant camps of the rebels all around, as well as a complete view of the town.

"THE CHARGE OF THE THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS AND SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO REGIMENTS.

"HEAD-QUARTERS COLONEL BUSHBECK'S BRIGADE,
LOOKOUT VALLEY, *Oct.* 30, 1863.

"On the night of the 28th of October the troops of General Hooker occupied a portion of Lookout Valley. Shortly after midnight it was discovered that the rebels had occupied a strong post which placed our troops in a very uncomfortable, if not untenable, position. General Hooker at once ordered the Thirty-third Massachusetts and Seventy-third Ohio to storm and carry the place with the bayonet. This they did in the most gallant manner. In many places the brave fellows had to drag themselves up by grasping shrubs and roots.

"When they reached the top of the ridge the explosions of musketry burned the contending troops. The captured rebels say that it was a disgrace to them that the place was taken, but they could not help it; for, said they, 'you kept coming, and the next we knew you were right among us.'

"THE OPENING OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON
GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, *Oct.* 30.

"The evacuation of Lookout Mountain, some weeks since, by order of General Rosecrans, gave to the rebels complete command of the river between this place and Bridgeport.

"General Grant, in taking command, found that the river could be opened to within a short distance of this place; and to accomplish this was his first work. A portion of our forces crossed at Bridgeport, and came up the south bank of the river. Other troops were sent at night to a point on the north bank of the river below the intended crossing-place.

"The brigade of General Hazen was placed in pontoons and floated at night to a point below, and out of the range of the rebel batteries upon Lookout Mountain, where they arrived just after dawn. A number of the boats landed at a point just below the place where the bridge now is, and at a rebel picket-station. The pickets ran off, shouting, '*Yanks! Yanks!! Yanks!!!*' their pace being accelerated by a number of musket-balls from the before-mentioned Yanks.

"The building of the bridge was accomplished most successfully, though for some time our men worked under a severe fire from the rebel batteries.

"The bridge is the best work of the kind that has been constructed by the army at this point, and was built by the Michigan Engineers, under the supervision of Captains Fox and Dresser. Captain D. is a West Point officer, and while at the Academy was Captain of Cadets, the present General Kilpatrick being one of the other captains. He is now upon the staff of General Smith, Chief Engineer of this Department.

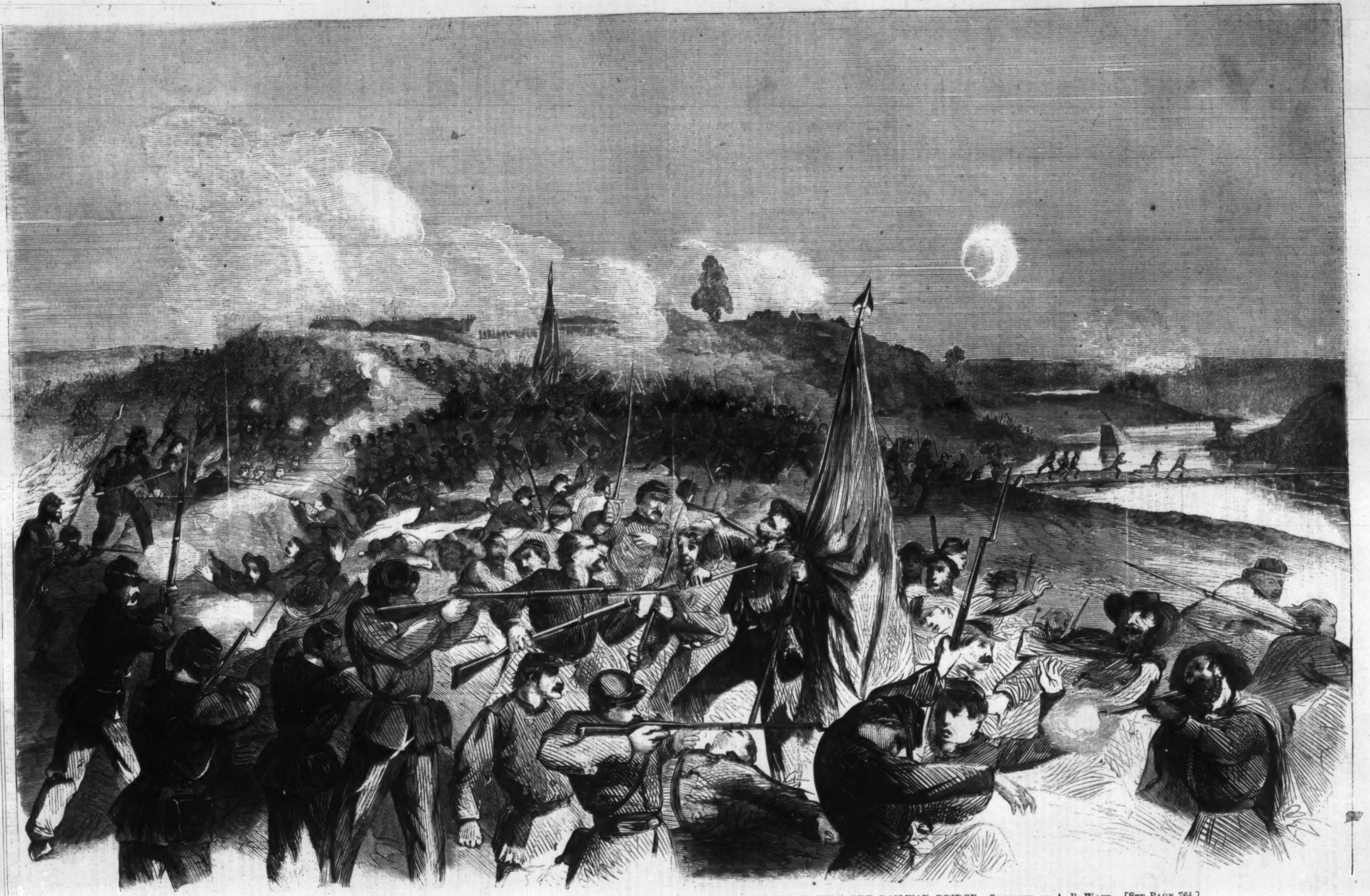
"THE STEAMER 'POINT ROCK' RUNNING DOWN THE TENNESSEE RIVER TO BRIDGEPORT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON
GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, *Oct.* 31, 1863.

"The entire impracticability of supplying the army at this point by means of wagons, rendered it an absolute necessity to open the river from Bridgeport to a point as near this place as practicable.

"This has now been accomplished, and the boats are bringing us each day a supply to which we have hitherto been strangers.

"The *Point Rock*, on her trip down the river, was made a target for hundreds of rebel rifles, the balls from which did no damage. Other steamboats are to be placed upon the river at the earliest moment."



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTURE BY SEDGWICK'S CORPS OF THE REBEL WORKS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, NEAR THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 764.]

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### CIGARETTES

If the story told be true,
It is very wrong of you,
Young Coquettes,
Smoking, when Mamma's away,
On the lawn or by the spray,
Cigarettes.

'Twon't improve a ruddy mouth,
Odor, breathing as the South,
Heretofore:
And the process which conceals—
Chewing villainous pastilles—
Is a bore.

Ladies fair, with due respect,
For one reason I object,
Which is this:
Sure young breath is sweet to me,
And a maiden's lips should be
Fit to kiss.

At Ballston, New York, on Sunday afternoon, fatigued with his long journey, a wagoner, with his son John, drove his team into a barn, and determined to pass the Sabbath in enjoying a season of worship with the good people of the village. When the time for worship arrived John was sent to watch the team while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip; just over against him, separated by a very low partition, sat a fleshy lady who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, arousing the old man, who, but half awake, threw his arm around her waist, and cried, very soothingly, "Whoa, Nancy! Whoa, Nancy! Here, John," calling his son, "cut the belly-band and loosen the breechen quick, or she'll tear every thing to pieces!"

### A JOKE BEFORE DINNER.

*A.* "Here, taste some of these American bitters; they'll give you an appetite as sharp as a saw."

*B.* "Exactly the thing, since I've my board found me."

### EPIGRAM ON SOCIETY AND INDIVIDUALS.

BY A CYNIC.

The many go absurdly wrong
In common with their kind;
Not few in self-conceit are strong
As they are weak of mind.
Thus, for example, to produce
A case of either class,
There's Tomkins, a gregarious goose—
Brown, an egregious ass.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry may be seen in the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empanneled a jury, put them into a box, bailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

### THE SUICIDE.

A man was seen, in meditative mood,
Walk by a stream that murmur'd through a wood;
His face was pale, his eyebrows dark and low,
His bloodshot eye fixed on the stream below.
He walked, then stopped, as if he sought to find
A place to quench his body, soul, and mind!
He pondered o'er the deep unwilling tide,
Then, stooping, laid his raiment at his side,
When flew a man with news of evil things;
Off went a host as if on eagle's wings,
Far out of sight, but faster still they run;
They now return—they with a watchman come;
A splash was seen, which sore disturbed the deep;
They came and found—*that he had washed his feet!*

On one occasion the senior Stephenson accidentally met a gentleman and his wife at an inn in Derbyshire, whom he entertained for some time with his shrewd observations and playful sallies. At length the lady requested to know the name of the remarkable stranger. "Why, madam," said he, "they used once to call me Geordie Stephenson; now I am called George Stephenson, *Esquire*, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield. And further, let me say, that I have dined with princes, and peers, and commoners, with persons of all classes, from the highest to the humblest. I have made my dinner off a red herring at a hedge bottom, and gone through the meanest drudgery; I have seen mankind in all his phases, and the conclusion I have arrived at is, that, if we're all stripped, there's not much difference."

### FAMILY JARS.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberry nice,
Jars of mince-meat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all home-made,
Jars of cordial, home-made wine,
Jars of honey, superfine;
Would the only jars were these
That occur in families!

An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G; that the two which contain nothing are M T; that four express great corpulence, O B C T: that two are in a decline, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X L N C, and three excite our tears, yet, when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding—L E G.

The following is a literal copy, as near as types can make it, of a notice posted on a tree in front of a barn on Summit Avenue. As every body could not see the notice, we have copied it, so that the "lo Trik" would be exposed; and if the fellow who took the "briddle Bit," does not speedily "Leve it Balk," he must be a hard case indeed:

A man went in this Barn the Other day & took off abriddle Bit & took it away if he dont. Bring it Blk i will send a offesas af to him towo persen

Saw. him i think it is. A low Trik if he do not Leve. it Balk i wull hav him tak en up look out i now you

Patience has at last been defined as a stammering lawyer examining a stuttering witness before a deaf judge.

A Boston correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* is responsible for the following: I heard the other day a *bon mot* made by Longfellow the poet. Young Mr. Longworth, from your city, being introduced to him, some one present remarked upon the similarity of the first syllable of the two names. "Yes," said the poet, "but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply:

'*Worth* makes the man, and want of it the *fellow*.'"

The following hit at Southern army contractors appears in the Chattanooga *Rebel*. It will answer for more northern latitudes:

"To rob the country two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum:
Which is the greater, if you can, explain,
A rogue in *spirit*, or a thief in *grain*?"

AN UNPOETICAL SIMILE.—Adolphus Scattercash remarks that "the parting glory of a summer's eve" would be all very fine and enjoyable, only that it always unpleasantly reminds "a fellah" of expiring bills, by being so closely allied to falling dew.

An old bachelor says a woman may be surprised, astonished, taken all aback, but never dumbfounded.

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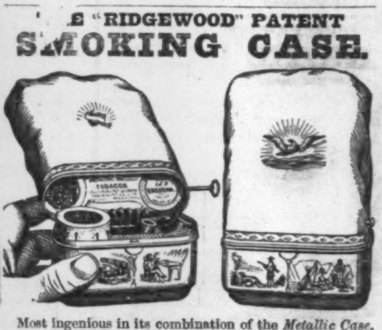

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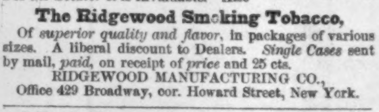

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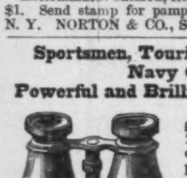

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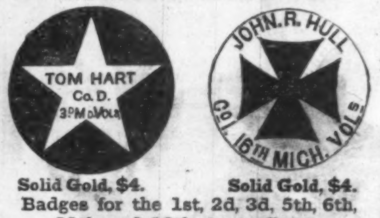

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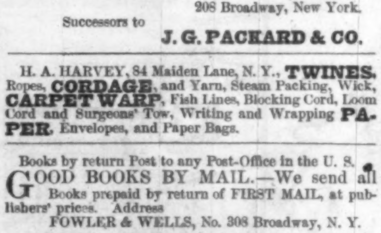

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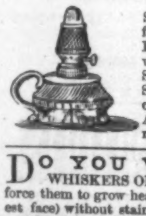

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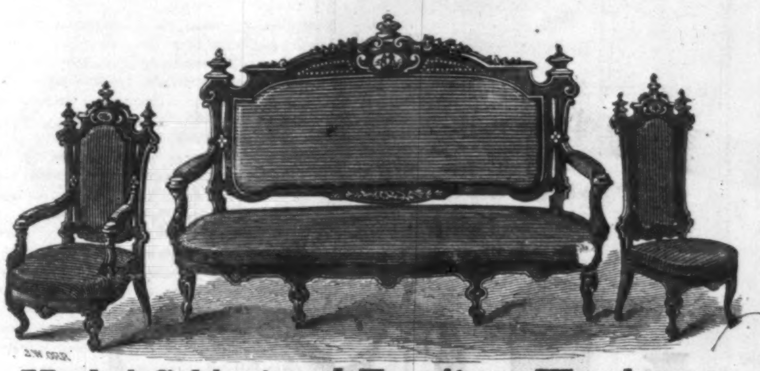

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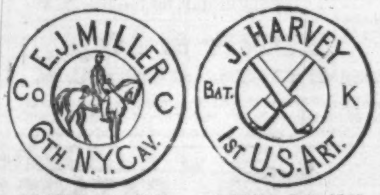

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